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FEBRUARY 28

BOB SCHNEIDER

TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MARCH 8

RICKIE LEE JONES
the current on reputation boulevard
Includes the single "Falling Up"

COMMODORE BALLROOM

ON TOUR
TRACIOUS 3
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
NEIL HAMBURGER
FEBRUARY 20th 2007
FEBRUARY 21st 2007
QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

MARCH 18

TAKING BACK SUNDAY
ARMOR FOR SLEEP
NORTH AMERICAN TOUR 2007

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

straight
PNE FORUM

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 9

LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES
NEW MONSOON
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE AND ZULU
COMMODORE BALLROOM

GOMEZ
and **BEN KWELLER**
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 16
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE AND ZULU
straight

JOSH RITTER
FEBRUARY 22
VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE
SEATED GENERAL ADMISSION
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIFE

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 23

THE DAN BAND
As seen in OLD SCHOOL and STARKY & HUTCH
COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY MARCH 30

SPARTA moneen.
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
ATTACK IN BLACK
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH
COMMODORE BALLROOM

MARCH 26

Spring Fling!
CHAMPION MALAJUBE
YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, SCRATCH, RED CAT
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

Badly Drawn Boy
with special guest
Adem
March 27
Richard's on Richards

APRIL 6

BLUE OCTOBER
COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY APRIL 20

blonde redhead
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 24

KAISER CHIEFS
THE WALKMEN live the ones
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND RED CAT
COMMODORE BALLROOM

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FEBRUARY 14
MATT WEETZ
THE MEDIA CLUB

FEBRUARY 19
SWITCHFOOT
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

FEBRUARY 22
WOLF MOTHER
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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATT BOOTH

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the Gentle Art of Editing

WHAT DOES 2007 HAVE in store for independent music? For starters, there's the usual slew of anticipated albums from the likes of the Shins, Arcade Fire, Cat Power, Apples in Stereo, LCD Soundsystem, Air, and a host of other indie stalwarts. Even Scarlett Johansson, best known for her ability to look sexy in the midst of an existential crisis (at least compared to Bill Murray), plans to release an album of Tom Waits covers this spring. But that's not the most exciting news.

At a recent music industry conference in Cannes, a group of indie labels—including some of the big guns, like Epitaph, Beggars Group, Rough Trade and Ministry of Sound—signed a deal with Merlin, a Netherlands-based company that aims to make independent distribution competitive with the four major labels. While this may sound like one of the hated mergers that brought us evil behemoths like Time-Warner, it's actually a far more benign alliance. Under the terms of the agreement, Merlin will act as an intermediary between labels and digital music services like iTunes and Napster. They've already struck a deal with SNOCCAP, meaning that albums by the Fiery Furnaces and the Hidden Cameras will be up for sale on Myspace sometime this year. That's right: the world's ugliest website is entering the world of online music sales.

While I'm all for good bands getting a fair shot at reaching larger audiences, I can't help but feel a little uncertain. When Modest Mouse songs are the soundtrack to car commercials, what exactly does 'indie' mean? The word has lost its connection to a DIY aesthetic, and it can't really be said to pertain to 'underground' music anymore. If anything, 'indie' is halfway to a pejorative, eliciting thoughts of hackneyed guitar tones and calculated ennui. Like 'alternative' before it, 'indie' has become an

empty signifier. I say good riddance.

When indie labels form a conglomerate that enables them to compete with the Big Four, they cease to really be independent. With democratized music distribution, the old dichotomy of indie versus mainstream no longer applies. What we need now is a new binary—something like ethical/malevolent. If the Merlin labels treat their artists fairly, keep their music DRM-free, champion reasonable CD prices and avoid prosecuting downloaders, they will earn the distinction of being ethical, or 'ethic', if you will. If Merlin succumbs to the temptations of power, and begins arresting music fans in retribution for flagging sales like our good friends in the RIAA, they will be labelled malevolent. Or, if you prefer, mal. Of course genres like indie rock will still exist, but the possibilities for hybridization will increase: mal-indie, ethic metal, and so on.

As for Discorder, 2007 looks to be full of both promise and uncertainty. Penelope's longstanding column "Strut, Fret and Flicker" is on sabbatical, and "Rufftuff" had to take the month off. Jordie, our CD review coordinator, just accepted an internship in Ethiopia, and we've been left with a mountain of albums in need of a leader. And our core staff, the triple threat of editor, art director and production manager, plans to surrender the reigns of power in the coming months. In the meantime, though, the magazine has never looked better. The extra space in this month's issue has paved the way for a more luxurious layout, and we hope that you'll savour each page. Aside from missing a deadline here and there, our contributors continue to work the music journalism beat with aplomb. And Gavin Walker still types up the Jazz Show listings on his typewriter each month, faithfully pinning them to our door a week before they're due.

David Ravensbergen, Editor
discordered@gmail.com

Discorder is looking for a fine set of combs and shaving tools.

What we're trying to say is, a lot of us are going to be leaving soon, shaving beards and combing hair to get real jobs and pursue post-graduate endeavours. If you're interested, the following positions are and will be available soon:

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CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.

Homophobic Horrors

Shocking as it may be to me, some people out there may never have actually seen John Boorman's 1972 classic, *Deliverance*. It's a damn fine thriller. If you bring just a smidgen of film theory to it, it also ends up also seeming like a masterpiece of homophobia, or perhaps an extremely troubling exercise in classism. It gives you a lot to chew on, either way.

The story goes like this: four men go on a canoe trip in the backwoods American south. The boys bring their bows and arrows for a little hunting. One of them—Lewis, played by a swaggering Burt Reynolds—goes on about confronting nature; if survivalists had beefcake calendars, he'd be July. The more middle-class and insufficiently repressed Ed (Jon Voight) is clearly attracted to his friend's rugged masculinity. Though the homoeroticism is more clear in James Dickey's novel, there is a scene early in the film—you have to be attentive or you'll miss it—where a drunken Ed gazes at his friend with love, desire, and perhaps a bit of envy. Ed is nowhere equal to Lewis' manhood; he can't even shoot his arrow (get it?) at a deer he encounters. Still, Ed is nowhere near as "soft" and city-fied as Bobby (Ned Beatty), the third member of the group (spoilers follow). When Bobby and Ed stop to take a breather on the riverbank and let their friends catch up,

they're caught by surprise by two hillbillies with a taste for fat wealthy white men, and Bobby is brutally raped, in the infamous "squel like a pig" scene, while Ed is forced to watch. At this point, "twang" goes Lewis' bow, and one of the hillbillies is penetrated even more dramatically than Bobby. Our protagonists take a vote on what to do, bury the corpse, swear to never again mention what happened, and get back in their canoes to flee.

Carol J. Clover, in her excellent study, *Men, Women and Chainsaws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film*, reads films of this sort—*The Hills Have Eyes*, *Rituals*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Pumpkinhead*, *Hunter's Blood*, *Calvaire*, *Turistas*—as being primarily tales of class resentment, skewed along urban/rural lines. In such films, a group of city folk travel to the country, where they're confronted with the inequalities of the class system they participate in, often in the form of mutated, ridiculous, or deranged poor people. There's usually a character among our on-screen representatives who has some degree of compassion, through whose eyes we witness just how obnoxious our class privilege makes us look. This character will undergo an interesting transformation in the film, as the poor begin to turn on the rich: he or she will end up justifiably killing all the poor responsible for what Clover calls this "guilt-inducing difference," re-establishing the unjust social order with a vengeance. Films of this sort invoke class guilt, give us the opportunity to suffer a bit to atone for it, and then defiantly reassure us that our very survival hinges on overcoming it as decisively as possible. Kill the poor! It's an interesting theory, but there's more to *Deliverance* than that.

The traumas of *Deliverance* mark Ed's rite of passage into being a true man. In order to get there, he must learn to master his arrow and replace Lewis as leader; for this to work, any trace of homosexuality has to be scared out of him (just like in your average high school, though a tad more dramatically). The horrifying rape, which serves as the climax to the sexual tension between Ed and Lewis in the first half of the film, certainly makes for bad PR for going gay; it's as revolting a vision of homosexual sex as can be found on film (though Gaspar Noe's *Irreversible* comes close). What better metaphor for repression than killing one of the evil sodomites and burying him? The film even encourages us to lose respect for Bobby, who is depicted after the rape as snivelling, weak, and emasculated.

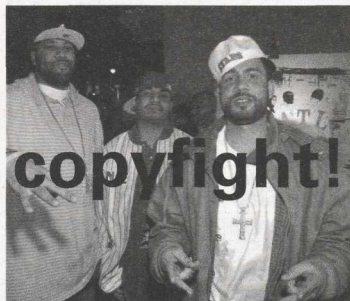
In fact, homophobia of this kind is the norm in thrillers; consider Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, where the weak and slightly effeminate Cary Grant, dominated by his mother and thus, we are to assume, at risk of becoming gay himself, has to defeat two homosexual characters (Martin Landau and James Mason) in order to win the girl. Or take Hitch's earlier *Strangers on a Train* (based on a book by Patricia Highsmith, author of *The*



Talented Mr. Ripley): two men meet, one of whom is obviously gay. They flirt, and there is the suggestion that the straight one is at least curious. Predictably, this sets him up for a world of trouble, which can only be resolved by the queer character being killed (but he's evil anyways, of course. He would have to be: he's gay).

Deliverance is well worth seeing, in part for the psychology it lays bare. But readers seeking a very entertaining corrective for cinematic homophobia are advised to instead seek out Gregg Araki's *The Doom Generation*, my favourite of Araki's films, though all of them bear looking at. Displeased by many—but, I am happy to see, championed by queer Canadian critic Robin Wood—this film carefully manipulates its audience, raising the homoerotic attraction between the male characters to a nearly feverish tension until—

Well, wait, let's not spoil it. Suffice it to say that rather than subtly justifying homophobia, the film presents it in the most unpleasant light possible: harsh and glaring. Make sure you're watching an unrated cut of the film, so as not to be spared the full effect. Like *Deliverance* and *Irreversible*, it is definitely not for the squeamish. **D**



RIAA Sees Your Grillz

by Graeme Worthy

So, I think this is big news. In Atlanta, GA on January 16th, DJ Drama, Don Cannon, and 17 others were arrested for racketeering—that is, being members of a criminal organization. A group of record producers, Drama and co. are responsible for a series of MC mixtapes called *Gangsta Grillz*. Mixtapes are the lifeblood of hip-hop, representing up-and-coming rappers, and keeping established rappers on the scene between major-label releases. They've existed in a quasi-legal state for years, but with this latest crackdown their fate is now in question. The copyright's favourite supervillain, the RIAA, participated in the raid, and is now taking flack from all sides. People are up in arms. The southern hip-hop scene is angry, alleging conspiracy. Why did this happen? Had the record industry taken aim at mixtapes, blaming them for flagging record sales? I'm gonna say there was no conspiracy—after bathing in the streams of internet, I've formed an

opinion, and now I'm gonna shove it down your throat.

So here's how I see it.

Sometime in 2006, the police station in Morrow, GA, population 4,882, gets a visit from a coordinator for a joint task force on piracy. An impressive-looking man from the big city brings out an impressive-looking PowerPoint and shows on a big graph how many millions of dollars are being lost every year to pirates. This blue suit and matching laminated name-tag tells the local policemen how much it would be appreciated if they were a member of this impressive-sounding 'joint task force.'

Suckers eat it up.

Weeks pass. Then in October of 2006, the small town gets its first bust. These quotes are from a Billboard.com interview. "Our first raid also happened in Atlanta on Metropolitan Parkway on Oct. 11, 2006," says Chief James Baker of the Morrow Police Department. "It was run by a bunch of immigrants, the majority here illegally, from West Africa. We seized over \$14 million of counterfeit CDs, five vehicles, cocaine and marijuana."

High off the back-slaps and engraved Lexan trophies from the RIAA

SPECTRES OF DISCORD by David Ravensbergen

New Year's Eve seems so far away already, lost in the haze of obligations and regrets that quickly accumulate as January marches on. I can barely even remember the details of my night, although something about a kegger in Surrey comes to mind. Midnight's promise of renewal, which makes the first days of January seem like a new playing field where anything is possible, always fades so fast, leaving you saddled with last year's problems. But with *Disorder*, I get a second chance at a fresh start. Like the Chinese, *Disorder* insists on setting its own date for the New Year—the first of February, when the year's lead-off issue hits the streets.

Glancing at the cover of the first issue of the new millennium, I have to wonder how strongly y2k fever took hold around CTR. I get the feeling they really believed the world was going to end in some mysterious cataclysm, as bank computers and databases the world over announced the return of the year 1900. When everything carried on as usual, the staff eventually had to face the realization that the magazine would in fact continue to exist in the twenty-first century. While they managed to assemble some decent content, including an interview with Yo La Tengo bassist James McNew, the cover looks like a millennial oversight. Largely composed of negative space, the bottom-right corner features a hastily-drawn illustration of a man with half a face, drinking from a translucent cup. Are his facial features being sucked away by this nefarious glass? Or is the liquid contained within causing him to sprout a giant black mane? These are questions for magazine archivists more skilled than I.

A few pages further into February 2000, we find the controversial "Happiness" column by Miyu. By all indications, she made a quick trip to teenangstpoetry.com when the world refused to end, selected an appropriately dismal forecast for the year to come, and voila! We have a bleak little gem sure to pass the discontent filters at *Disorder*.

When it struck midnight, you stood up and looked around for someone to hold, but everyone else was busy with each other, so you held a cigarette and a piece of cake instead, resolutions already broken, and there you stood until she remembered you and took her arms and wrapped her sympathy around your awkwardness, and then she pulled away to look at your face, you smiled, and you didn't think you were lying at the time you declared it to her, but you know now that this New Year isn't going to be so Happy.

Skipping ahead two years to February 2002, we find the staff in a decidedly more combative mood. They clearly knew the end of the world wasn't going to be as simple as a few computers getting the date wrong, and they were pissed off about it. Shindig winners Three Inches of Blood look ready to kill on the cover, screaming their disapproval at the post-9/11 world. There's no sign of the gentle depression of "Happiness"—only a letter from a plaintive reader looking for her monthly dose of dismay. The response:

We don't really know what happened to that column. It ended when Miyu stopped writing it. She "realized that it was really bad."—Ed.

In the reactionary climate of 2002, there was no place for "Happiness". After the ascension of George W. and the attacks on the World Trade Center, *Disorder* writers were able to locate the tumultuous realm of global politics as the focus of their disapproval. In Doretta's "Over My Shoulder" column, the vitriol starts off strong, condemning the WTC attacks and Gordon Campbell's anti-poor policies alike. But midway through, she begins to frame her politics as some kind of cosmic battle (conspicuously like her arch-nemesis, the Commander-in-Chief), and the immediacy of her critique is lost.

I've regressed to thinking about the issues in abstract terms: good versus evil, right versus wrong. I don't have any answers or constructive plans to put into action...

that say "Keep up the good work, you're part of the team," the locals stumble across their next big bust — bootleg mixtapes, which are like candy to the mouth-breathing boys in blue. They're stamped all over with "promotional use only, not for resale," which is just the sort of thing the man with the PowerPoint said to look out for. While the aura of "underground" plays well with hip-hop audiences, the cops aren't used to this kind of marketing. They take "illegal" at its face value. And now the new members of the "League of Junior Copyright Defenders" call the main clubhouse, and the trap is set.

Except this bootleg ring isn't a two-bit CD piracy organization run by a bunch of "immigrants from west Africa" dubbing copies of last season's 24, complete with colour photocopy covers. These are MC mixtapes: hand-crafted, small-run MC mixes, a tight cortege of up-and-coming MCs documenting the fast-moving world of southern hip-hop. Rappers flow over the tracks of contemporary masters, commenting and layering, mixing it up and showing off their skills in the studio version of live rap-battles. It's a lively scene, and DJ Drama was making a name for himself he'd just signed a deal with Atlantic to take his *Gangsta Grillz* series and make a

mainstream album, where all the copyrights would be nailed down, all the samples cleared and all the expensive lawyers happy.

Some have alleged that this was a conspiracy to shut down the mixtape scene, but from where I'm sitting, half a continent away in a messy bedroom, it's apparent to me that this wasn't the intent of the raid. It was stupidity: the RIAA's talking head at the scene, Matthew Kilgo, told the ignorant and head-bobbing FOX reporters that, "Statistics show you can make up to 900% profit just on the resale of counterfeit CDs." It's clear they had no idea that this was a productive working studio. They thought they were just dubbing someone else's music for resale.

But these mixtapes are part of what keeps contemporary music lively — they launched the careers of modern heavyweights 50 Cent and Lil' Wayne. They're the porches and dancehalls of today, places where new music is generated, new stars are recognised, or so I hear. I've never been to Atlanta, and the southern hip-hop I know comes from a movie about singing hookers.

Now, 30 SWAT team members with loaded guns handcuff artists in a recording studio. Did you know that the RIAA has their own jackets?

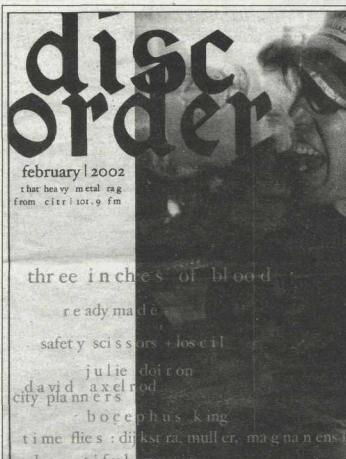
Happiness or a Warm Gun?



It's the last phrase there that's particularly distressing. We live in an age when the hypocrisy of American foreign policy is met with near-global disapproval, yet opposition to the war in Iraq remains largely verbal. Environmental degradation, a fringe, lunatic concern back when Rachel Carson wrote *Silent Spring*, is now in the headlines on a daily basis. But complacency rules the day, and we (myself included) still don't have any constructive plans to put into action. A few pages over, Vancouver shoe-gazers Readmade summarize our current state of affairs, and make me feel like a dick in the process.

We're passing through epochs on an almost daily basis right now, not that anyone is really noticing...this is as interesting a socio-political environment as we've ever seen. It might seem quiet, but things are stirring. Take just a handful of these globalization protesters, get them to shave their beards, and put down the bong for a few minutes, get a commerce degree, exploit technology to organize across borders and I think some real interesting things will happen.

2007 is shaping up to be a great year to revitalize democracy, folks—I just don't want to be the one to start it. **D**



Like the ATF, they say "Anti-Piracy Unit" across the top and have a big RIAA on the back. These dudes are not fucking around. But they're trying to resuscitate a dead fish by having troops stomp on its heart with jack-boots. Nobody is buying their CDs, their distribution model is faltering, and somehow the RIAA keeps ticking, desperate to find out where the customers have gone.

I'm an optimist, but maybe this presents an opportunity. Even if what Cannon and Drama were doing was illegal under contemporary American copyright law, they were making music, the real stuff that people listen to. They were doing so on the edges of the law, and they were making money at it. This is something the RIAA seems only able to do by suing its customers.

So let's say that our friends at the RIAA decide their lawyers are going to roast these dudes over hot coals. Let's say that they don't relent. If the dogs-in-suits don't let go, maybe there's something here to look forward to, if Drama and crew can get their asses together to get off this beef.

It could mean a legal recognition of their art. Or, maybe someone innocent dudes are gonna go to jail for "crimes" that shouldn't be crimes. **D**

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

The Upside of Down: Catastrophe, Creativity, and the Renewal of Civilization

by Thomas Homer-Dixon
Knopf Canada, 2006

There are ideas that buzz around in the public consciousness without being clearly articulated. Since 2000 a sense of millennial unease has lingered, and various signs and signals point to a world that, despite continued economic growth and optimistic predictions from investors, seems to be getting worse. Everyone knows about the various problems we face—climate change, environmental degradation, failing economies and gaps growing between rich and poor, energy scarcity, and population growth. Each of these problems is serious enough on its own, but even as we think about them one at a time, the sense that they're combining and spiraling out of control is overwhelming at times.

The *Upside of Down* addresses each of these five issues, which Thomas Homer-Dixon calls "tectonic stresses" on our societies, tensions that are building under the surface that have the potential to seriously disrupt societies around the world. Each individual stress receives a detailed analysis filled with analogies that are both apt and powerful in their simplicity. What truly makes this analysis special, however, is the way that Homer-Dixon explains the ways that complex interactions between these stresses increases the chance of what he calls a "synchronous failure," a series of smaller disasters that feed into one another and lead to a global collapse.

Compounding these interacting tectonic stresses are things he calls "multipliers" and "thresholds." Multipliers make failures emerging from these stresses more likely and more disastrous when they do happen. A threshold is, in effect, the 'straw that breaks the camel's back.' A particular course of action may seem fine, but in effect it is building up stress that releases all at once in a dramatic event.

Homer-Dixon lists two multipliers that are of particular importance. The first is speed and connectivity. Referring to the globalized world as a "single operational unit," he suggests that for better or worse, everything we do is felt around the world. A power plant failure in Ohio led to a blackout across much of eastern North America in 2003. An earthquake in Taiwan means immediate microchip shortages around the world. While less serious than originally feared, SARS illustrated how quickly disease can spread around the world.

The second key multiplier is the increasing ability of small groups of people to cause incredible amounts of damage. A nuclear attack on a major city could be planned and executed by a handful of fanatics. A disgruntled grad student could engineer an unstoppable virus. These attacks would be especially devastating while attempting to deal with other global problems.

Homer-Dixon has successfully brought these ideas together to show not just the incredible danger our societies are in and the very real danger of a "synchronous failure," but also the light at the end of the tunnel should we manage to avoid a complete collapse. Even the biggest individual disasters offer the opportunity for rebuilding in a way that is both free of the constraints of earlier systems and more resilient to future breakdown.

The *Upside of Down* manages to take the general feelings of unease from the public consciousness and turns them into a coherent whole. The complexities of the problems addressed and the clarity with which Homer-Dixon illustrates them make this book a seminal volume for both risk management and activism alike. This book is absolutely essential reading for those concerned with the direction of the world and for those who hope to change it for the better.

Greg McMullen

If the content of his novels is any indication, Michel Houellebecq is constitutionally incapable of experiencing happiness, and he wants us to believe that we're miserable too. Building on *The Elementary Particles'* resounding denunciation of Western civilization, *The Possibility of an Island* reads like a tortured eulogy for an already-dead planet, a "dull place, devoid of potentialities, from which light was absent." In response to the novel's opening line, "Who, among you, deserves eternal life?" I can say with conviction that this misanthropic French author does not.

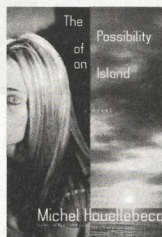
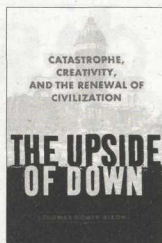
It's not that I don't like this book—in fact, I love it. The problem is that, in order for me to appreciate Houellebecq's work, I have to maintain critical distance. His writing is so seductive, so convincing in its abject portrayal of human existence, that to be swept up in his narratives is to court suicide. The unsuspecting reader would do well to heed the warning of Kilgore Trout in *Breakfast of Champions*, that bad ideas can have potentially disastrous health consequences. Another option would be to maintain a sense of perspective, and bear in mind that blowjobs need not be the ultimate measure of happiness.

Much like *The Elementary Particles'* Bruno, Houellebecq's latest protagonist is an unrepentant hedonist, on an endless quest for women amenable to penetration. Where Bruno was a damaged soul, shunned by men and women alike, Daniel is a critically acclaimed and well-liked comedian, with ready access to the "pussy" that he requires. Yet Daniel's aging body proves incompatible with his insatiable sexual desires, and it's hard to remain unsympathetic as he becomes increasingly frantic at the prospect of his own physical decline. But the shocking misogyny on display in sentences like, "The dream of all men is to meet little sluts who are innocent but ready for all forms of depravity—which is what, more or less, all teenage girls are," prevents any unreserved identification with the lead character, or, for that matter, the novel on the whole.

Yet the trouble with critiquing *The Possibility of an Island's* chauvinist sexuality or bleak misanthropy lies with Houellebecq's masterful use of irony, self-deprecation and deliberate liberal-baiting. The novel is aware of its own transgressions, and disclaimers and safety valves are built into the text. For example, the story of Daniel's life is actually his autobiography, written in order for his personality to be passed down through successive generations of Daniel-clones. In between chapters, we are treated to the commentary of Daniel24 and, once his body expires, Daniel25, both neohumans living in complete isolation a millennium after the events of the story. Upon reading a particularly pathetic description of his progenitor's romantic despair, Daniel25 notes, "The incredible importance accorded to sexual matters among humans has always plunged their neohuman commentators into horrified amazement." The two interwoven narratives complicate Houellebecq's authorial stance, partially absolving him of responsibility for his genital fixation.

The same ironic distance is on display in the author's depiction of Daniel's career. Mirroring his own project as humanity's Grand Inquisitor, Houellebecq describes Daniel's comedic work as pornographic reflections of human violence and hypocrisy. In his cinematic indictment of the Israel-Palestine conflict, *Munch On My Gaza Strip* (*My Huge Jewish Settler*), Daniel, like Houellebecq, simply represents the madness of war and nationalism, stripped of the justifications of government and the media. In the book as in our world, both character and creator alike refuse the label of "humanist" applied by journalists. Rather than betray any longing for a renewed humanity, Houellebecq's black arts advocate an honest understanding of oblivion. Reflecting on his career as a comedian, Daniel explains, "To sum up, like all clowns since the dawn of time, I was a sort of collaborator. I spared the world from painful and useless revolutions—since the root of all evil was biological, and independent of any imaginable social transformation; I established clarity, I forbade action, I eradicated hope."

Daniel's vision of complete stasis is fully realized in his clones. In contrast to the frenzied myopia of Daniel's life story, the neohuman commentators observe from afar, rationally extrapolating the consequences of human behaviour. Having realized that the biological and metaphysical conditions of individuality are the cause of insurmountable anguish, the neohumans live in an affectless, isolated state, cultivating a Zen-like detachment from desire. As Daniel explains, the last generations of human civilization reached a consensus on the cruelty of mortality, and rather than come to terms with



The Possibility of an Island

by Michel Houellebecq
Knopf, 2006

a brief existence, the world placed its hope in a transhumanist immortality, and the unmitigated pursuit of eternal pleasure. Yet Daniel's descendants can hardly be said to experience pleasure—at best they feel a nostalgia for pleasure, at worst a slight sensation of sadness. The neohumans pass their lives aimlessly, living in the vague hope of the coming of the Future Ones, beings that will efface the pain of individuality through some kind of collective form of existence.

While these passages may sound sterile, they act as the fulcrum for the novel's moral vision. Houellebecq has already articulated his hypersensual critique of Western culture with greater success in his previous novels; by now we know that individualist, consumer society acts to "increase desires to an unbearable level while making the fulfillment of them more and more inaccessible." What is truly interesting about this novel is Daniel's sublimated awareness, buried beneath a novel's worth of caustic observation and sexual obsession, that the only possibility of happiness lies in unconditional love. Shortly before killing himself, Daniel observes, "There is no love in individual freedom, in independence, that's quite simply a lie, and one of the crudest lies you can imagine; love is only in the desire for annihilation, fusion, the disappearance of the individual." Without recognizing the need for love, the neohuman project is doomed from the start. In our failure to transcend individual selfishness, we—Houellebecq, Daniel, all of us—are undeserving of eternal life. The possibility of an island exists, but we have yet to realize it.

David Ravensbergen

The History of Love

by Nicole Krauss

W.W. Norton, 2006

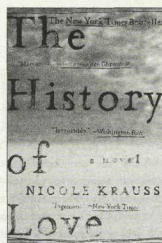
My lover judges the value of a film in hindsight. The extent to which the moving images are played in his mind determines his final opinion about the story told. So, seemingly good films can be rendered unimportant and bad films can end up being terribly relevant. On this consideration, Nicole Krauss' *The History of Love* is a wonderfully effective piece of literature.

Less than one week after receiving the novel as a Christmas gift, a dear friend had read it cover to cover (complete with fevered scribbling) and then passed it along to me. A few short days later when I was finished, I found myself at a library researching the authenticity of Krauss' plethora of intertextual references. Since, my friend and I have shared many conversations over the novel and both have reread the story. My own library has grown by Bruno Shultz' *Street of Crocodiles* and Cynthia Ozick's *The Messiah of Stockholm*. I have even whispered the words of Krauss to my lover, a tangible example of how worthwhile and beautiful I feel *The History of Love* to be.

This is a story about the ways we see, about the subtleties of difference between illusion and creativity. Told through myriad voices, every single one of them a writer, the common currency is the transformative power of words.

The History of Love is itself the central book in Krauss' novel of the same name. The book within a book pays homage to all women ever loved through the guise of a girl named Alma. After the author is separated from his Alma, the only woman he has ever loved, the mystery of her existence goes on to prompt a search that challenges the exclusivity of fate and chance. Chance takes the form of a fleeting encounter at the beginning of Krauss' novel, and that encounter then goes on to fatefully tie her two major narrative voices together. That Leopold Gursky, an 80-year-old man, and Alma Singer, a 14-year-old girl named after the heroine of the fictional history, have anything in common is a sublime stroke of twisted plots. Krauss, however, achieves a complex narrative without any superfluous detail. This results in foreshadowing that is nearly too neat; only reading this book for a second time will reveal just how intricately their stories are woven.

It is not, however, always easy to see what Krauss has orchestrated for the reader, even with, or because of, the privileged wisdom of backward glances. The tender of reality is not



the same as the tender of imagination. Yet, when one is accepted as the other, dead men can rise to walk among the living. Here, the stories we tell ourselves are indeed more important than what the world would suggest we believe. Krauss' characters do not see the world as their own creation, although they sometimes acknowledge it as such, and this naïveté is Krauss' most fascinating trick. Alma and Leo eagerly accept the validity of their respective imaginations without any hint at charade. They see in the singular world the potential it has to be an infinity of experiences and explanations. For them, the world is allowed to be fantastical. The sum of reality is greater than brute facts. The world is ours to let loose upon creatively, drawing together the disparate bits of matter that are, therefore, never dead.

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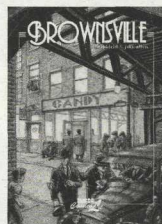
Brownsville

by Neil Kleid and Jake Allen
ComicsLit, 2006

Taking in all of the details of *Brownsville* is alternately chilling, upsetting, and pleasurable. This is a graphic novel set in the thirties, packaged as "true crime," and happily a copy arrived at the library just in time to write this review. Although it draws on non-fictional sources in its portrayal of the infamous Brooklyn Murder Inc. gang, the book is a great and engaging work of fiction, and provides a world in which to immerse the imagination that rivals the real one. Allie Tannenbaum, the book's main character, falls prey to the attractive offer of an older man to enter into illegal activities, initially as a strike breaker in the 1930s. Although the initial actions play out innocently and without much consequence, things gradually escalate into violence, and the recurring theme of Allie's relationships as an estranged son and uninvolved husband takes a toll both psychologically and emotionally. I like the black and white graphics, simple and effectively boxed, which easily convey the story. The graphics, sectioned into episodes, serve the storyline, but also put me in the mood of the scenes in which *Brownsville's* action takes place: in busy diners, post-Depression street corners, hotels in the mountains, the men's room stall.

Brownsville can be read as a life lesson, to avoid the allure of unthinkingly rejecting society's conventions in favour of easy answers and the friendship of a powerful group. Family relationships and the ways that violence is implicated in business interests are both pretty relevant themes to this day. I could sympathize with Allie's choices, and felt gripped by the chain of necessity that led to each character's decisions. The small talk between two mobsters as they dispose of a dead man felt oddly normal, just like a couple of employees hashing things out near the end of shift. It's the juxtaposition of deadly action and believable characters that really holds this book together.

Arthur Krumins



Inkstud

Popeye Vol. 1: "I Yam What I Yam"

by E.C. Segar

Fantagraphics, 2007

Art Out Of Time: Unknown Comics Visionaries 1900-1969

edited by Dan Nadel

Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2006

Two thousand and six was a profoundly great year in comics for initiates and novices alike, and let's hope, as our eyes gaze heavenward, that this is a signifier of what's to come in 2007

and beyond. You needn't be bound and shackled by the mires of comic geekdom to appreciate these fine objets d'art. Proof of this pudding can be found in *Popeye Vol. 1: "I Yam What I Yam"* by E.C. Segar.

What many of us know of Popeye is a mere bastardization faded through Xerox visions. The original Popeye was crusty and, at first, only incidental. When E.C. Segar began his *Thimble Theatre* newspaper strip in 1919 it was little more than a comic take on adventure serials, damsel-in-distress kinda stuff. Eventually genre parody gave way to propelled flights of whimsy, stereotypes dissolved as Segar developed true characters and archetypes to propel these continuing misadventures, such as Olive Oyl and her brother Castor Oyl. Popeye made his first appearance one day back in 1929, only to disappear back into the ether after a few months. He wasn't gone for long. Readers wrote in, demanding Popeye's return—a spark was struck, something had stuck, a comic anti-hero that caught permanent fancy in the public's twinkling caw.

The strip was brilliant and Popeye just fit. *Thimble Theatre* was like ergot-laced barnacles, comedic interaction with a beating bandaged heart, featuring fantastic characters like the wish-granting Whiffle Hen and the eerily menacing Sea Hag. Most importantly, *Thimble Theatre* was funny.

By the time of Segar's death in 1938, Fleischer Studios had already produced a few very impressive Popeye cartoons in their own right, where fleeting moments from the original strip (spinach, Brutus nre Bluto) became permanent mainstays. Outside of the creator's vision, these tropes nonetheless landed on the screen and other merchandising-friendly elements of popular culture.

With this new volume from Fantagraphics, gregariously steel yourself for the real Popeye, the original ancient scrolls that stem from just before his first appearance and continue onwards chronologically. Here Popeye defies the conventions that were later to be thrust upon him by the non-Segars, the lesser lights. This big bound collection is a pure antidote for depression, especially if one veers towards surliness or cynicism, though wide-eyed naives can easily enjoy it as well. Volume One in a planned six-installment series, this stunningly as-

sembled book holds great promise for the work to come (Volume Two introduces Wimpy!).

Designed by Jacob Covey, the hardcover package features a cut-out word balloon title—it's literally cut out of the hardbound cover. Fantagraphics has made excellent use of digital technology to render these strips in crisp glory; the full page colour newspaper strips are lush, soft washes. As such an integral part of comics history, these strips should always be in print. Before this book, one had to desperately seek out Fantagraphics' previous re-printings from the early 90s, unassuming volumes that, even in soft cover, were less economical and not as advanced in design and layout. This book is a steal at approximately thirty dollars, an investment of joy.

A few years back when I was seeking those earlier inferior volumes, my travels led me to Olympia, WA—also known as Indie Rock Hell—where there exists a great comic shop called The Danger Room. The two proprietors would often argue about what was the greatest newspaper strip of all time: *Thimble Theatre* or George Herriman's *Krazy Kat*. They each had both strips on their Top Two list anyway, so it was a microscopic yet enjoyable argument. If you want to add fuel to that debating fire there are some wonderful reprints of *Krazy Kat* also available, but I still pledge allegiance to *Thimble Theatre*.

Before I take leave of you I should mention another must-have book that had me giddy as a schoolgirl's first ride on a pony. Entitled *Art Out Of Time: Unknown Comics Visionaries 1900-1969* and edited by Dan Nadel, this book besets the palates of both comic know-it-alls and future junior initiates alike, with overlooked works by those who slipped through the cracks whilst expanding the form. And absolutely no super heroes to speak of. Just sweet delirium tremens. Seek it out. It will cause you to float in space.

Tune in to Inkstudios radio, Thursdays at 2pm on CITR, for the latest developments in the comic world.

Robert Dayton **D**

loudQUIETloud: A Film about the Pixies

Directed by Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin
Stick Figure Productions (2006)

WORDS BY DAVE FERNIG



When the Pixies reunited in 2004, they were more popular than they had ever been during their original career. The tour, cheekily entitled "The Pixies Sell Out," garnered far more media attention than any of their albums did upon release. Steven Cantor and Matthew Galkin's documentary *loudQUIETloud: A Film about the Pixies* follows the band through their sold-out reunion, the band's performances, rehearsals, and post-break-up lives are in clear view for

the first time, more or less free from the weirdness and obscurity that was ironically always a part of the band's appeal. The most interesting and entertaining aspect of the documentary is, naturally, the performances. Viewers are given insight into why the Pixies remained a good live act, as the band proves to each city they play that the tour was worthy of the hype.

Cantor and Galkin are good at giving titles. Capitalization too, believe it or not. The film's title is both a comment on the band's famous drastic

dynamic changes (that probably appear more frequently in Pixies reviews than in Pixies songs) and the fact that, since the band's formation, it has spent more time broken up than together. Though the word "quiet" may only have been caps-locked to denote the brevity of their career and the length of their break-up, it nonetheless deserves the same treatment when used with regards to their music. I say this not because I consider the Pixies a particularly quiet band, but because it was through the tense, quiet verses that the Pixies' live show was able to transcend an eleven-year break-up.

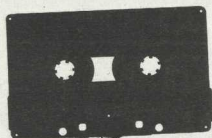
Watching the band hang out backstage is simply uncomfortable. There is none of the playfulness you might expect from a group of people who played "Debraser" together. What you see is a lot of the tension you might expect from a group of people who broke up because they couldn't agree on anything. As bassist Kim Deal's sister Kelly points out, they don't even speak to each other. It's not hard to speculate that relationships this bad helped make for the fragile, lurching interplay heard in the softer moments of songs like "Caribou" and "Tame". It is likewise almost impossible to imagine any "friends first, band-mates second" group pulling off these songs with such warped energy, especially after a decade-long breakup. Whether or not there is a connection, both the personal and musical tensions of the Pixies' first seven years are essentially intact on *loudQUIETloud*.

There is remarkable consistency in the performances, but there are still highlights. The live rendition of "Caribou" (filmed at the Commodore)

is no less eerie than the song's original release on *Come On Pilgrim*, and the vocals of "Cactus" haven't lost any of the pain they shared on *Surfer Rosa*. "U-Mass" is also extremely strong, proving that although the softer moments made the tour, the band still has a dynamic range. Frank Black's sarcastic yelps can still make a jaded college student smile, and Joey Santiago's lead guitar can still serve as one of the harshest white noise-makers you've ever heard.

Purists can complain all they want that the tour was nothing more than the Pixies' tribute to their former selves, but although the band inevitably did put on a more intense show in the 80s, it's hard to argue that the tour wasn't worthwhile for fans. A more legitimate complaint would be with the DVD itself. For although it has great performance footage and is perhaps the closest you'll get to the band without the help of YouTube, it definitely isn't as consistently exciting as the shows themselves. Watching a group of people sit around and refuse to talk to each other is not something that most people are going to want to do more than twice, no matter what can be learned from it.

Finally, *loudQUIETloud* forces the viewer to re-assess their attitude towards reunion tours. It is totally possible for an older band to put on a great show, regardless of their motives. This is definitely something to think about as acts like *Dinosaur Jr.*, *Schabach*, and the *Zombies* get back together. As for the Pixies, we've been reminded of their importance, and *loudQUIETloud* is a worthwhile souvenir for fans. **D**



MIXTAPE

MotherMother *by Marlaina Mah*

The first time I saw Mother Mother perform I was struck by the sharpness of their sound—a mix of three distinctive voices, you might call them quirky, you might call them pop rock on crack, you might call them beautiful. Set to re-release their original self-titled album under the name Touch Up on La's Gang Records at the end of the month, the band is quickly garnering acclaim for their energetic live show and eccentric cultural commentary that comes with a twist of irony. While their name may be a nod to the chorus of "Spacelord" by Monster Magnet ("spacelord, mother mother!"), a Freudian reference seems just as likely. Since their inception as Mother, the band has recently doubled up on the Oedipal moniker, highlighting their music's ability to awaken our hidden desires. As a band composed of two girls and three guys, Mother Mother are no strangers to sexual tension. Check out their CD release party on February 22nd at the Plaza before they head off to CMW in Toronto and SXSW in Austin, Texas, packed up nice and cozy in the tour van.

Jeremy

Idiot! - "Lies and Secrets"

They are a duo from Toronto. Awesome live show. Dead sexy. Check them out at iloveidiots.com and be one of the cool people to spread the love. I love Idiots!

Okkervil River - "For Real"

Don't you hate it when you go to make a mixtape and you know for certain what band to include, but you can't choose a tune? Do ya like to waltz?

Eric Dolphy - "Hat and Beard"

This was my first introduction to non-sucky jazz. Unfortunately for me, it was recorded in 1964.

Molly

Chopin - "Nocturne in E flat Major"

This is one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written. I have put it on many a mixtape, and it is never out of place.

Joy Division - "Transmission"

Why be happy when being depressed sounds so good?

Daniel Johnston - "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Your Grievances"

Do yourself a favour, become your own savior and listen to the song.

Kenton

John Coltrane - "Alabama"

A super-heavy mournful intro and a swing section that makes me think, "fuck you".

Emily Haines - "Crowd Surf Off a Cliff"

Summing it up with an edgy brilliance. It's depressing, she's right.

Burnt by the Sun - "It's Mathematical"

It's fast. It's kinda scary. These guys have chops. What up, cookie monster?

Debra-Jean

The Smalls - "Toughest Times"

After seeing the The Smalls play the rec center auditorium of my hometown, Vernon, BC, this song became something of an anthem for me and my pubescent girl posse. Mike Caldwell's searing vocals were regularly heard in the background, and often screamed along to, while we consumed questionable amounts of Wiser's whiskey in Jennifer Goertzen's basement.



Photo by Robert Adler

Joanna Newsom - "Peach, Plum, Pear"

I really like to listen to this song when I'm wallowing in self-pity.

Metric - "Combat Baby"

This is my new favourite sit-up song. Emily Haines has no idea that she is the sole reason that I may soon feel comfortable in low rider jeans.

Ryan

Jeff Buckley - "So Real"

I first heard this song on a mixtape my sister, Molly, made for my father. I was too young to cry for real, so I didn't. I just sat there feeling very awful and terrific until after it was finished and asked, "Who is this? She's amazing!" I rushed out to buy the album, rushed back home to listen to it and after I did, was quite disappointed.

Jon Middleton - "After A Trip"

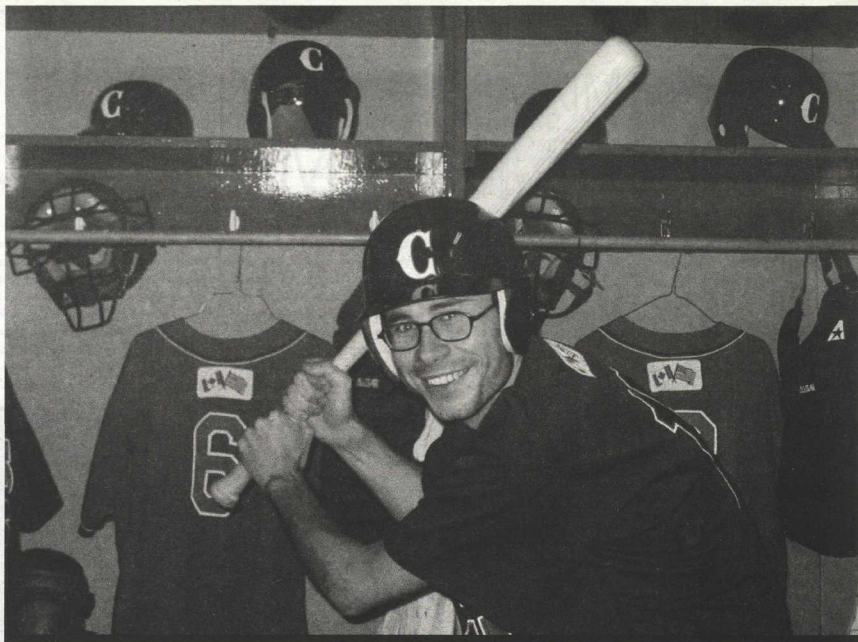
This song is beautiful, and really has no place on a mixtape, but only on the album by this wonderful fellow from Victoria. It's great because you really can't understand what he's saying, so they're really good lyrics. It's kind of like Dylan's "Don't Think Twice", but with better lyrics. It's really good in the morning. I eat it while I listen to oatmeal.

Gillian Welch - "Elvis Presley Blues"

This song is the perfect last song for every incongruous mixtape, such as this one. It reminds me of the end of a long pointless night at a bar when the lights get thrown on and you see how pale and awful everyone is and you think, "I'm never going to do this again. I know exactly what I've got to do."

COLLAPSING OPPOSITES

by Mono Brown



YOU COULD LEARN EVERYTHING YOU need to know about Vancouver indie act Collapsing Opposites from the colourful and imaginative sweaters that consistently adorn the band's backbone and creative musical entrepreneur, Ryan McCormick. If you've had the opportunity to catch him at one of 157 live performances since 2002, you might agree that both Ryan's sweaters and Collapsing Opposites' songs can be described as playful and surprising, but more than anything as unique. Although many followers of Vancouver indie will know Ryan as 1/7 of Kill Rock Stars' 'They Shoot Horses, Don't They?', an equal number will know him for his enthusiastic (and predominantly solo) performances with Collapsing Opposites. On top of four independent releases from CO over the last few years, there's a fifth full-length CD due out on February 27 on newly minted Canadian label Local Kids Make Good Records.

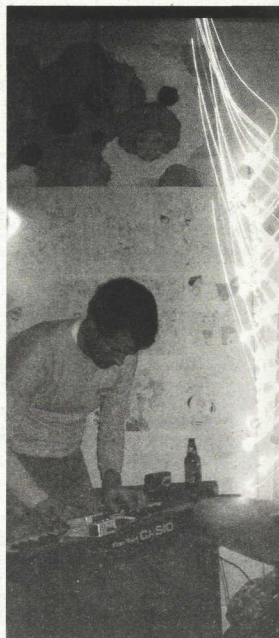
In keeping with their Hegel-inspired epithet, Collapsing Opposites recently resynthesized as a trio, emerging from the standoff between home recording project and solo act with loop pedal to form a rock band. Even as a three-piece, though, Collapsing Opposites remains a musical experience in flux, with a sound that moves through the whimsical to the forceful, and playfully challenges the invisible divide between popular genres and indie rock trends.

On a recent and slushy Thursday evening, I met up with Ryan in the living room of the house where he practices with drummer Laura Hatfield (also of Better Friends Than Lovers) and keyboardist Jeff Johnson (from Greenbelt Collective and OK Vancouver OK). Leaving Jeff behind for his practice with Greenbelt Collective, the three of us walked up to a Korean restaurant on Kingsway called Seoul Deckbaegi for post-practice eats. We chose a table and, as we mulled over our menus, Laura affirmed, "There's beer."

Ryan, who sat across from me, gave me some background on the naming of the act. "Well, originally I was really interested in dichotomies—boy/girl, night/day, war/peace, and how those things were all breaking down and don't always work anymore. That was kind of heavy on my mind in university." Although the influence of critical theory still shows in his playful and imaginative songwriting—which honestly and critically explores ideas that range from Lacanian psychoanalysis to popular childhood fairy tales—Ryan added as an afterthought to the foundational philosophy behind Collapsing Opposites, "When you think of a band, you don't think of what their name means; you think of who they are."

"Are you saying it's a mechanism for branding?" Laura teased.

"Yeah," Ryan quipped, "buy our brand."



Later in the interview, though, Laura commented, "Ryan's the hardest-working, most super-

dedicated musician I have ever played with." She turned to Ryan and added, "You've really refined what it is you want to reflect." Despite a highly theoretical name, Collapsing Opposites tends to be as much about dedication, and about making distinctive and interesting music that Ryan hopes will make listeners think about the world in new and different ways.

Fans and newcomers will have a chance to check out the latest full-length, *Inside Chance*, at its Railway Club release party on February 23. Recorded by Ryan for Winnipeg's Local Kids Make Good Records (remember Dave and Mike from CTR show "Local Kids Make Good"? This is them but now in Winnipeg) and produced by Ryan and Pietro Sammarco, the album also features guest musicians Anni Rossi, Greenbelt Collective, Julia Feyrer, and Laura Hatfield, and will be distributed in North America by Scratch Records. A follow-up to *Microchips Implanted in Your Brain*, an out-of-print collection of limited edition rarities compiled to correspond with a six-show tour in Japan in August 2005, *Inside Chance* was recorded over the span of a year and a half—in between extensive touring across Canada and the US with the likes of The Winks, Anni Rossi, The Gift Machine and Ill Ease.

Following the release of *Inside Chance*, Collapsing Opposites will tour western Canada and the American West Coast with the Doers and OK Vancouver OK, followed by more touring in both countries in May 2007. This tour will mark Ryan's fourth trip across the country with Collapsing Opposites. "The best place I've played?" considered Ryan, "Probably Winnipeg." No surprise, then, that a Winnipeg label has formed to release the upcoming full length.

With another trek across this vast nation on the Collapsing Opposites horizon, Ryan and Laura reflected on the challenges of registering Vancouver in the pulse of the Canadian indie scene. "Vancouver's always been isolated, separated [from the rest of Canada]," Ryan remarked. "As a small band, you can only really play in Vancouver or the suburbs."

"People's perceptions of Vancouver are sort of magical," added Laura as the two went back and forth on the musical geography of Canada. "They don't really know what to expect [from Vancouver bands]."

"There are bands from here that are pretty famous: The New Pornographers, Destroyer." "Nickelback."

"Bryan Adams. I don't know. Maybe being in isolation [from the rest of Canada] helped those bands be successful. It makes me want to work harder."

"I don't like it when people think of isolation as negative," concluded Laura, and Ryan agreed.

As we settled up at Seoul Deckbaegi and headed out into the slush again, the conversation turned to band photos for the new website, and both Ryan and Laura seemed keen to hear what I thought might make for a good photo shoot. Collapsing Opposites take a lot of this sort of input from their surroundings, reimagine it, and make it something new for their audiences. And from a band, that's fun. Magical, even. **D**



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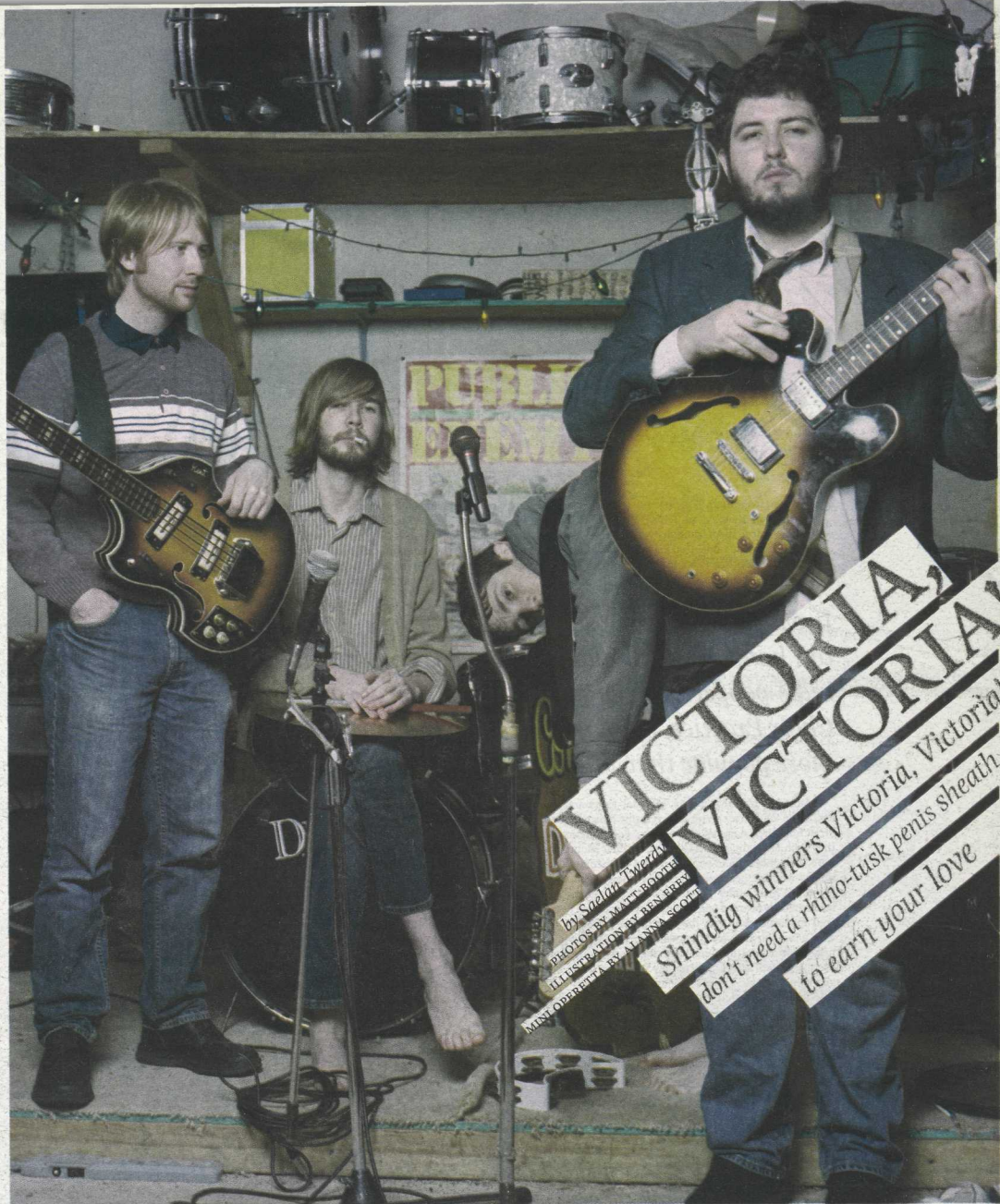
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by Suzanna Taveria
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY HOOVER
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VICTORIA, VICTORIA!

Shindig winners Victoria, Victoria!
don't need a rhino-tusk penis sheath
to earn your love

RIA!
! VICTORIA
RIA, VICTORIA
IA! VICTORIA! VICTO
A, VICTORIA! VICTORIA, V
VICTORIA! VICTORIA, VICTORIA!



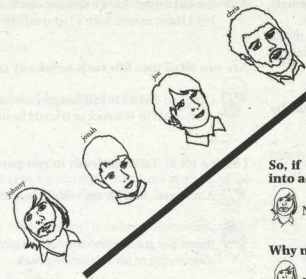
VICTORIA, VICTORIA! ENTERED THE CONTEST determined to win, and their talent, tenacity, and sheer hunger for studio time helped them triumph over other bands who, in the end, didn't have the same need for what the Shindig prize had to offer (The Choir Practice and the Organ Trail both already had recordings at the time of the finals).

records, giving high-fives and monopolizing the turntable with records by The Kinks, The Beatles, and CSNY. Joe McNally (bass) does double duty as the band's backbone and pelvic bone: as the group's most musically-trained member, his elastic bass style gives Victoria, Victoria!'s catchy garage-pop the propulsion it needs to get shows up to dancing speed.

It was a bit of an upset when Victoria, Victoria! took the top honours at Shindig 2006, beating out hotly-tipped indie-poppers The Organ Trail and choral supergroup The Choir Practice, but it goes to show that, at CiTR, nobody's more popular than an underdog.

More importantly, Victoria, Victoria! are a refreshing new act on the Vancouver scene, only recently blown in across the Strait from their namesake hometown. Four longtime friends, they each bring unique personalities to their sound, and they have the cohesion and chemistry that only comes from musicians who learned everything they know about their craft together. Chris Gaudet (guitar, vocals) is a commanding front-man, robustly bearded and literarily inclined, often tweed-blazered and armed with only the most flavourful scotch. He sings with a familiar strangled charisma, borrowing David Byrne's nervy passion and injecting it with unselfconscious bloodiness, complemented by the disarmingly addictive white-soul yelp and skinny guitar sound of Jonah Gray, an Emily Carr grad who co-edits Vancouver's most opulent and unconventional new art magazine, *Pyramid Power*. Johnny Payne is the band's drummer and fun-loving everyman, a hot dog and hockey enthusiast who can usually be found behind the counter at Zulu

Unlike so many bands of the Myspace era, Victoria, Victoria! are miraculously free of pretension and insecurity. They bear allegiance to no trendy subgenres or ironically-appropriated subcultures, and they learned their chops by delving deep into the the most classic 60's pop, rock, and soul. The members of Victoria, Victoria! have an encyclopedic familiarity with vintage hits without the fetishistic obsession with recreating the past that usually comes with it. They're among the most good-natured bands I've ever met, and their sincere passion for lasting quality in songwriting leads me to believe that they're more than capable of writing songs that other young bands will want to cover twenty years in the future. In that light, the Shindig judges picked right: they saw future classics.



So how long have you guys all known each other?

I met Jonah when I was sixteen. And now I'm 23. So...I can't add those years. I think it's eight. Maybe seven?

How about Chris?

Jonah and I have known each other since our Lego days. So, like a year.

We should note that none of us are the founding members. And none of the founding members are still in the band.

When was the band founded?

In maybe my Grade 10 year, by Ryan Flagg and Ross McKinnon.

Ryan was the drummer before me.

And in what order did you join the band?

Jonah and I joined at the same time. We were the additional players to fill out their band, which was a punk band with ambitions to play "jazz punk", though I don't think they ever firmly defined what that was.

Were they called Victoria, Victoria! already?

At that time, they were called The Exceptions.

After a long-standing ambition of Ryan's to name a band The Exceptions.

And then Ryan joined the navy, and Jonah and I did a movie together. We met at an acting workshop, and he asked me to be in his movie, called *Life's a Beach*.

Can you not print that?

You went to an acting workshop?

Yeah, at the Belfry Theater in Victoria. Jonah liked my style.

That's true. You can print that.

And then a few months later, I ran into him at a Denny's and he said his drummer had just joined the navy.

So, if the band falls through, are you guys going to go into acting?

No.

Why not?

I'd rather go into professional gambling, you know? Something that's hit-and-miss all the time. That way I'm stayin' on the edge.

It would be too much pressure...

To be hitting it all the time.

Exactly. You gotta fold a few hands.

It would be too much like your domestic arrangement.

So at what point did the band become Victoria, Victoria?

I think it was last year.

We should mention that The Exceptions were exclusively a cover band, almost. We had a few originals. Maybe seven.

Covers of who?

Oh, lots of bands.

Mostly 60's rock, garage rock.

I thought it was supposed to be "jazz-punk"?

Well, that was very early.

I think before they actually sat down and tried to play it.

I think the closest we ever got to a punk song was Billy Bragg. But we did a Dion and the Belmonts song.

That was the thing about being a covers band. We had to have about two hours of music...

Because we'd play on Pender Island all the time, and we'd have to play about four or five hours a night.

So we played the set two times.

We did an album around that time of all our originals... that we play none of, now.

Do you still have that?

Oh, yeah. It's called *Breaking Up With The Exceptions*.

Because it was the last thing by The Exceptions before we stopped calling it that. Plus we'd all kind of broken up with our girlfriends while we made the album.

When did you all move over here?

Well, Jonah moved over here for school, so he's been here four years. Johnny moved over to be closer to Jonah, and that was last year. And I just moved here this September.

Joe still doesn't live here. He hangs out in Nanaimo. I don't know what he does over there.

Is he going to move here?

I hope so.

He's pretty committed to the Nanaimo lifestyle.

He goes to Malaspina and studies jazz. He's really the most committed to music of all of us. The theory of it.

So he plays jazz bass?

Well, he can. Not with us, though.

Or if he does with us, he doesn't tell us.

We wouldn't know the difference, anyway.



So, you write the majority of the songs, right Chris?



Well, these days. Although I firmly believe that they've been writing songs and just holding out on me.



It's a long-running joke in our band that I've always wanted to play guitar, because I used to for a while when we were the Exceptions.



We won't let him.



Johnny, what did you used to say was your middle name?



Oh, Johnny "Metis" Payne. There were rumours that I may have been a real-life descendant of Louis Riel.

Were these rumours ever disproved?



Oh, they were validated.



They were never validated! They weren't based on anything! Except maybe my...uh, courage.



And his rebel charisma.

Chris, what are you doing now? You go to school, right?



Yeah, I go to UBC, I'm doing my Master's in literature.

Are you hoping to teach, or to write?



Well, I'm thinking writing more than teaching, but I'm in a program that trains you to be a teacher.



He's looking to stay in the band as long as I can muscle him into doing it. As long as I can stay stronger, physically, in my upper body, he'll be in the band. But if he can beat me in a fight, he'll leave.

So what you're saying is, the band is in a precarious position these days.



Oh no, not really. He keeps us on the ropes.



Well that's important. Our band is based on physical dominance.



I think one of the reasons we're sloppy at shows is that our practices are mostly just feats of strength.

Maybe you should work that into the show.



We thought about that, but for insurance purposes, we'd have to hire spotters. And then we would have had to have only half a beer each as our wages.



Plus, they'd have to be in the band, and people can't remember that many people's names.

Chris, I read some of your poetry in *Pyramid Power*. Do you think poetry is still a vital art form?



Sometimes it is.

Do you write a lot of poetry?



I do. I think I write poetry all the time.

How do you approach that differently from writing songs?



I think that songs, for me, can be failed poems. If it gets too rhythmic or repetitive, I can file it away and maybe make a song out of it later.

Are the other guys going to start chipping in with the songwriting?



I've always had a bit of a complex about bringing songs to the band.

What if they let you play guitar?



Well, that could be—



Not gonna happen.



Usually, when we practice, we come up with ten joke songs, and out of that comes one good song.

So what happens to those joke songs?



They stay in my mind! I remember them forever. Songs like, "Mr. Toad"...



But that's a beautiful song.



And "Deer by the Side of the Road (I Saw You)".



The brackets are important. Then there's the "Bear" song.



But the "Bear" song, we used to play all the time. We don't play it anymore, for a reason. That one was really "indie rock" sounding, like a rockin' beat with a disco-y thing in the chorus.



It's the closest we've ever come to being a novelty band.

So, how do you think of your music, in terms of style?



I think we've all decided on "garage-pop", if anybody asks.



I don't really like the term "indie rock". Especially since we didn't even really know what that was, back when we used to play songs like that one. We played covers of old 60s songs, and then when we started jamming around and writing our own stuff, it came out of that.



I'm not saying that I'd agree to labelling us "indie rock", but I think maybe John's too sensitive about it.

Are you all as into 60s rock as Johnny is?



I think so. But if I'm just hanging around listening to music, it could be 60s rock or it could be the Talking Heads.

I hear a lot of Talking Heads in you guys.



Also, Jonah and Joe are both huge gangster rap fans.



Jonah has got me into tons of the music I like. I am always trying to give something back.

Did you like the newest Clipse album?



Yes I did. You can print that.



I've gotta say that we mostly listen to older gangster rap.



I'd say I like *all* gangster rap.



I actually liked the new Clipse quite a bit, too. But more to the point, I've been listening to the new Jay-Z record a lot, and going through his back catalogue.

So what are your ambitions for the band? Are you looking to do this full-time?



Johnny's giving me the thumbs up.



Well, he's just looking for any way out of that crappy job at Zulu.



Yeah. No. I like my job. But I want us to be a full-time band and do a recording and have it be something good.



He's looking to stay in the band as long as I can muscle him into doing it. As long as I can stay stronger, physically, in my upper body, he'll be in the band. But if he can beat me in a fight, he'll leave.

Are you going to adopt any kind of gimmick, like matching suits or haircuts?



Oh, we had that.



We used to always wear matching suits.



Always.



Well, they weren't matching. They were more "ghetto" than matching. But we all wore them.



We've also talked about matching rhino-tusk penis sheaths. [uproarious laughter]



The ladies like 'em.



Uh, Jonah once wore a robot suit. We could bring that back.



I think our gimmick is more like being crushingly handsome. That's sort of our schtick.

When I'm standing near the front at your shows, I've often felt a sort of pressure in my chest. I guess that's what it was.



And you thought it was nausea.

Or drunkenness.



I think of myself as a latter-day Billy Idol.

view is that we just take it as it comes and try to make it different every time.



Speaking of vision, I've been thinking of writing a short story about someone who is an augur, but they only reveal well-known past events. Like, he'll be walking down the street and see an eagle attacking a cat and say, "It was Brutus and a gang of republicans that killed Julius Caesar!"

Isn't augury just reading entrails? Or does it encompass reading all kinds of signs?



Well, there's different types of augury: augury of birth...



What about soothsayers?



Well that's a similar sort of thing. But I think entrails, like someone who reads horse entrails specifically, is a horospex.



I keep pushing for Jonah to put a nice, like, Sears Portrait Studio photo of me on the cover of the next issue. With maybe a wool sweater-vest on.

Have you guys ever toured?



Other than the Gulf Islands?

Have you ever experimented...with drugs?



I'm afraid my grandma is going to read this.

And he was in the navy?



He was in the navy, he took dance lessons, he went to school, he worked, he was a lifeguard, he took Latin drum lessons...



He was always frustrated because he wanted to use his Latin drumming in our songs.



It didn't work. His polished Latin stylings didn't work nearly as well as my, uh, lack of ability to play at all. Which they seemed to like a lot better.

Do you guys see any changes happening in your music as you go to record your first album?



(All) We've become more commercial.



Well, since all our songs aren't really related thematically, I think we're just hoping to record a set of singles, with as few extra steps as possible.



Like *Thriller*.



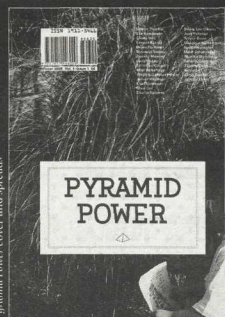
I think the prize is for twenty hours of recording time, but we'll probably pay for twenty more hours.



I think it'll be an EP.



We'll probably record seven or eight songs and end up with five or six.



Jonah, how much of your time does Pyramid Power take up, compared to the band?



Not very much. Most of my time is, like, surfing the web.



I think you're gradually trying to make the magazine and the band fuse into one thing.



We're going to start singing the articles.



Eventually, it'll just be a singing magazine-o-gram.

What is your vision for the magazine, and what's your specific role?



Well, I think it's that I'm the co-editor with some other guys. What I'm hoping for is just that the second one should turn out a lot different than the first one. My

How about girls...on the road?



Have we ever conducted experiments with girls?



Like, conductivity?



Water displacement?



Saelan didn't think we'd pick up on his *Last Waltz* reference.



Ryan, who we were talking about before—he really held down that function of the band.



But it's hard, because he was much more fit than any of us.



He'd take off his shirt first song, like, not even sweating. Just, "Check it out, ladies."



Going back to whether our sound is changing, we've talked a lot about how we're entering our "psychedelic" period, and I still hope that's the case. Especially with Sacha painting my drum skin in a more colorful scheme.

Are you guys worried about the so-called curse of Shindig?



I'm not worried about it. Everybody keeps scaring me about it at Zulu. It's not going to happen for us. We're going to break the curse. We're going to break its back. Like Guile in *Street Fighter*.

What have you guys been listening to lately?



Well, right now, we've been listening to the soundtrack to *Urban Cowboy*.



It popularized the cowboy look in the 80s.



This is where we learn that Johnny is a fascist, and a Franco sympathizer, so he would shout "Victoria, Victoria!" at the end of the Spanish Civil War.



This morning I listened to *The Essential George Gershwin*, which my uncle gave me for Christmas. That guy just pumped out the hits, eh?



I listen to Sparks a lot.



I've been listening to Bowie's *Station to Station* lately.



Your Blues, by Destroyer, and ESG's *Come Away With ESG*.



Or if you won the Tour de France, and you were Spanish.



Or if you were winning the Spanish Civil War.



This is where we learn that Johnny is a fascist, and a Franco sympathizer, so he would shout "Victoria, Victoria!" at the end of the Spanish Civil War.



It could also be the name of a girl that none of us really know.

You guys have never played a show with They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, or You Say Party! We Say Die!, have you?



We played a show with them, but we kind of hijacked it.



We did one when Joe wasn't there. We played a few songs without bass, and then Matt from Run Chico Run came and played drums and I played guitar and we did "Gloria" and "Money", with Shane, from Love and Mathematics and The Choir Practice, playing bass.

Oh, hey, I almost forgot: why "Victoria, Victoria!"?



I've tried to distance myself from that name, but I think I'm embracing it now. It's not a reference to the musical "Victor/Victoria", which I don't think the two people who came up with it ever heard...



Well I came up with the first half, "Victoria", and John came up with the second half.

I think, in the region, people are going to take it as referring to the city.



Well, that's the first thing, it's where we're from. But there's also the Kinks song.

I think your name also participates in a trend towards an increasing embrace of punctuation in names.



It's like in *The Commitments*, with the punctuation in the name, and the repeated name. What's that band called?



And. And. And.



I like that we learned nothing from that and came up with a retarded punctuated name.



I think the beauty of a punctuated name is that it's always spelled wrong. Of course, there are bands that have manipulated that, like with They Shoot Horses; they change the punctuation and the size of the letters all the time.

I'd love to hear you play "Gloria".



"Gloria" used to be our staple. We'd end every show with it.



Was it the Shadows of Knight version?



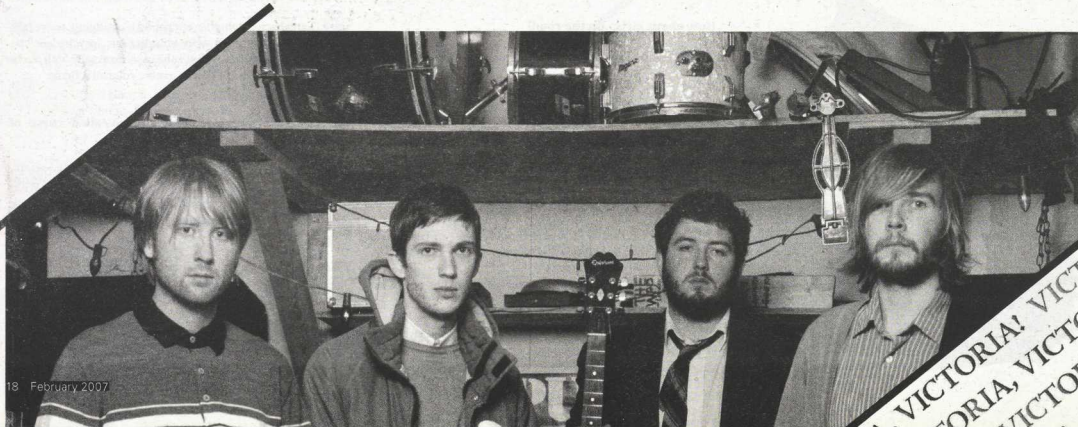
Their version sucks. I would never say we played their version.



It's virtually the same as the Them version.



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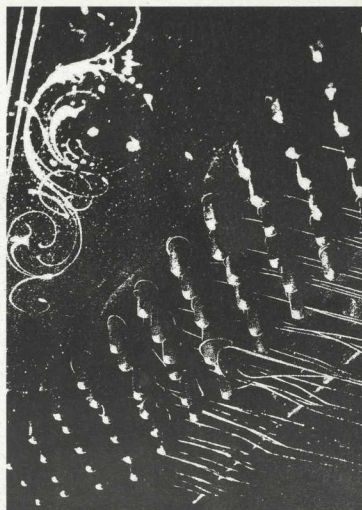
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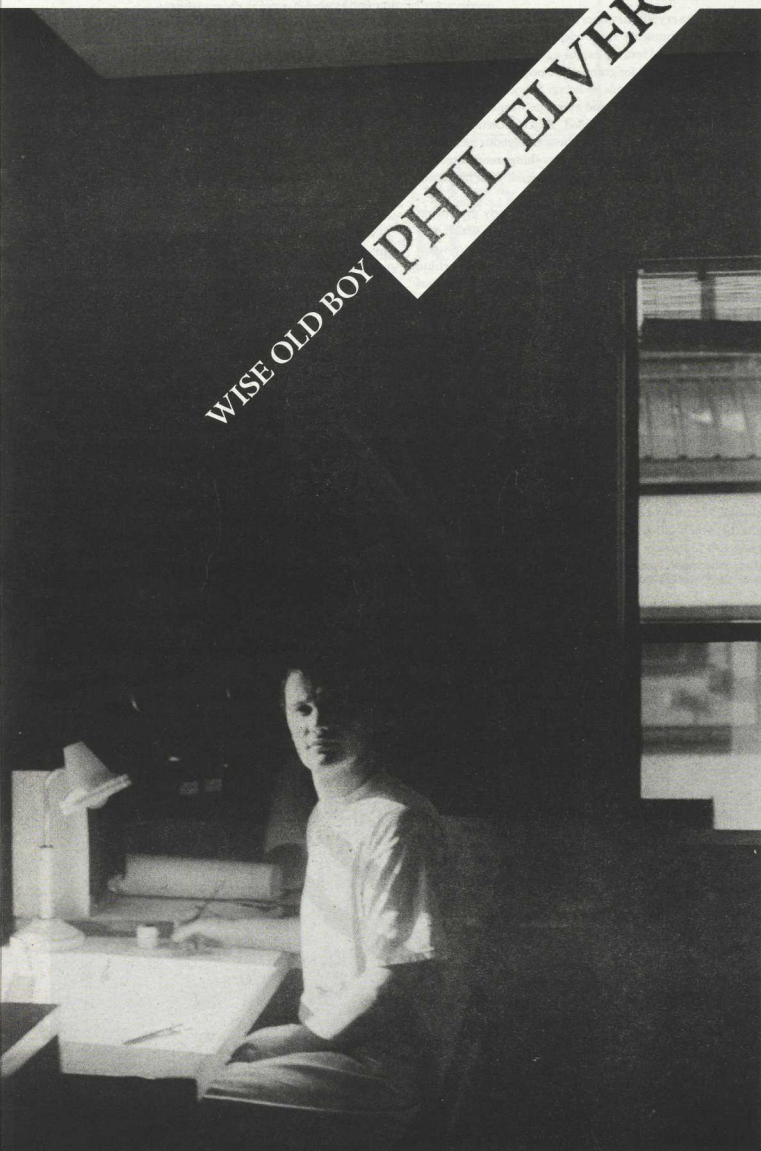


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WISE OLD BOY PHIL ELVERUM'S HIKE UP MOUNT EERIE

by BRock Thiesen



TWENTY-SEVEN HAS BECOME AN OMINOUS age in rock 'n' roll and, really, an ominous age for just about anyone. A time hits where the frustrations of relationships, careers, and life in general merge into a deep malaise. Things that once seemed exhilarating and fun begin to lose their lustre. The body begins to show the first signs of wear. And a greying of emotion, previously unseen, takes hold. This is the onset of the quarter-life crisis. Maybe it doesn't happen for everyone at 27, but it strikes at some point in the 20s with surprising regularity. Thankfully for Phil Elverum, the worst of these trials appears to be over.

Elverum, who recently survived his 27th year, now rests comfortably in Anacortes, Washington with a wife, a newborn record label, and a band named Mount Eerie. These days much of his time is spent in the quiet island town, where he enjoys cooking meals, relaxing with friends and mucking about in his print shop. He also records the occasional Mount Eerie album and, every so often, leaves town for a tour or two.

However, all was not so calm a few years ago. A bad breakup, a ridiculously long world tour and a period of seclusion in frigid Norway led Elverum to some serious reevaluation, eventually throwing him into a whirlpool of change. After some regrouping in his hometown of Anacortes, he got married, traded his previous Microphones moniker for Mount Eerie, added an "e" to his name and left K Records to start a label of his own, P.W. Elverum & Sun, Ltd. With these adjustments came a shift in sound and musical direction.

The 2005 Mount Eerie album, *No Flashlight*, found Elverum trading many of the larger-than-life qualities of his lo-fi Microphones records, such as *Don't Wake Me Up* and *The Glow Pt. 2*, for a more inward-looking and humble approach. The transformation caused a divide among critics and came as a surprise to much of his fanbase. This was understandable, considering the massive shift between the unassuming *No Flashlight* and its predecessor, the Microphones' LP *Mount Eerie*, which took the listener on an epic journey of death and rebirth much like the one Elverum himself went on.

Now, two years after *No Flashlight*'s release and almost a decade since the first fuzzed-out Microphones records, he appears to be on the verge of yet another makeover as both a songwriter and label owner.

After a long day of shenanigans, which involved Elverum connecting himself to a parachute and blowing around a parking lot, his aching body sits down to explain how his songwriting and label are slowly growing up. "It's a weird thing to feel like you have people's attention, and, really, you only have their attention for such a short period of time," Elverum says. "So lately I feel I want to say something that's actually important."

"Do I really want to say these ambiguous metaphors about clouds and my body, or can I say things more directly?"

Tired of the cryptic messages of his older albums, Elverum wants to communicate more clearly in his newer work. "Playing shows and touring can be a bit disorienting because you don't want to take for granted that people have an interest in you," he says. "So it ends up being, 'Okay, I'm standing on stage here with my guitar and everyone's waiting for me to say something. So, it better be good.' And at a certain point, it becomes, 'Do I really want to say these ambiguous metaphors about clouds and my body, or can I say things more directly?' This is where I've been trying to push myself with my newer songs."

Elverum's new direct line of attack is clearly evident on his latest 7-inch, *Don't Smoke/Get Off the Internet*, which only holds two tracks/commands from a much larger body of songs that he describes as "preachy." Elverum says the idea behind these command-like songs, which are essentially about what the titles suggest, is to encourage people to take a bit more responsibility for their actions and to take things somewhat more seriously. But ultimately, he hopes the songs get people to grow up a little.

"I'm a little bit self-conscious about how overtly preachy and condescending the songs are," he says. "But at the same time, I'm frustrated with always being seen as a trippy nature guy who has nothing substantial to say or feel, which I know isn't true."

Perhaps in an effort to challenge this misconception, Elverum has reinstated the Microphones name for the 7-inch. When questioned, though, he claims a simpler reason for the change. "I switched back to the Microphones because I felt like the 7-inch was different than the Mount Eerie stuff, and I guess just to confuse people a little. And no real reason other than to be weird, I guess."

As to whether future releases will also use the Microphones name, Elverum would not say. He was also unsure if his next album would feature a similar brand of sermonizing songs like those on the 7-inch. In fact, Elverum says he's yet to make any concrete plans for a new record, but feels it's about time to do one.

But until that time comes, he's happy to busy himself with his label, P.W. Elverum & Sun, Ltd., which began as an avenue for Elverum to release his own records and the records of his friends. So far the label has had about a dozen releases, with a couple more lined up for this year. Elverum pretty much runs the show, taking charge of everything from dealing with mastering and pressing discs to artwork and sales. He describes running the label and making music as very right brain, left brain. "I really savor the tedious work of doing something over and over. There's a certain satisfaction in taking care of a bunch of paperwork that's totally different than writing a poem or playing guitar," he says.

Everything at P.W. Elverum & Sun, Ltd. thus far has been printed in limited runs on white vinyl with a CD version slipped inside. The limited editions of some of Elverum's past releases have led to some hefty eBay battles, causing certain records like the Microphones' *The Blood* (with a print of 300) to go for more than \$200. Elverum says he's forced to make a very limited number of some releases due to the elaborate artwork, such as mammoth posters, photo books, engravings and silkscreen prints.

"That tendency of people to be collectors and elitists over records—which I have, too—is a vice that needs to be taken care of," he says. "My idea is not to create a collector's item. I hate that somebody will spend hundreds of dollars on a record that should cost ten. It's just such a waste, especially with all the imbalance of wealth in the world. But I guess a record isn't the worst thing you can spend your money on."

Even though Elverum spends the bulk of his time working on P.W. Elverum & Sun, Ltd., he is still hesitant to call it a "real" label. "It's really an experiment in self-sufficiency. I want to see if I can release a record in a low quantity and sell

PHOTOS COURTESY P.W. ELVERUM



just enough copies that I can exist at a sustainable level rather than just always trying to pump some big record and deal with all the promotion that comes with that," he says. "And, really, I just think that it's a good way to live your life: by doing as much of it as you can on your own. I guess I'm very traditional that way."

For now, Phil Elverum is content with the new direction his life has been taking and plans to keep the label going as he can. He may not be living the typical rock 'n' roll lifestyle, but who says small business owners can't have fun? After all, there was the parachute incident.

Phil Elverum's Mount Eerie, along with To Bad Catholics, plays Vancouver Feb. 14 at the Other Space (above the Media Club at West Georgia and Cambie). Doors at 8 p.m. and show at 9 p.m. **D**

THE OFFERINGS OF P.W. ELVERUM & SUN, LTD.

MOUNT EERIE/MICROPHONES

Phil Elverum's main outfit, which has had several releases on the label such as *No Flashlight*, *Singers* and *11 Old Songs*. The latest release by the Microphones is the 7-inch *Don't Smoke/Get Off the Internet*, which can now be ordered from the label's website, pwlverummandsun.com, and hits stores in March.

THE SPECTACLE

A Norwegian hardcore band Phil Elverum met while travelling Norway. This group of Scandinavians wrote three records before breaking up, and their second, *Rope or Guillotine*, is slated as the label's next release. The Spectacle's tendency to turn it up to 11 sets them apart from the label's other calming bands.

THANKSGIVING

A one-man band from Portland, featuring Phil Elverum's close friend, Adrian Orange. Orange has churned out a long series of impressive folk records in his short career. His out-of-print classic, *Welcome Nowhere* (the label's first release), will get digitally remastered by the label this year and printed as a double gatefold album with several unreleased outtakes.

PEACE

A mysterious party band from Revelstoke, BC, that Phil Elverum has yet to meet in person. Their sound has been described as "semi-acoustic, multi-culti folk-hop," which is two parts hilarity, one-part confusion. They have also spawned World Peace, a cover band made up by K Records' Jason Anderson and Adrian Orange. PEACE's album, *On Earth*, comes out later this year.

WOELV

A project featuring Phil Elverum's wife, Geneviève. Her brand of soft-spoken Québécois folk is in a similar vein to other shy chanteuses, such as Julie Dorion. She greeted last year with the 10-inch, *Gris*.

BOOKS: AUDIO AND OTHERWISE

Following last year's seven-disc audio book of an Icelandic saga, Phil Elverum plans to sit down and read into a microphone again this year. The audio book will likely be an American classic this time, such as *Moby Dick*, but Elverum has yet to make definite plans. He also intends to enter the publishing world by releasing a series of coffee-table books, featuring photos and artwork from himself or other artists.

Production Manager.

discordered@gmail.com

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Ache Records
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Kenneth Bell
Compendium LP
Experienced Adrian Turner suddenly released via DIY amplification. Three electric theses, equipped with hand-made reamphos built from reprints and vinyl from old car parts and a rhythm section which some traditional as well as reamphos percussion (piano, ryles and car parts), and a sound system featuring reamphos during from the cultural past.

Rachael Orchestral / Lowhouse Lampost
Byline and CD
Fishes from just that with a really unexpected joyful energy. "Spirits, spreading, (and) playful" / *Lowhouse*

Job Niles Oak II
ABC 100 I'm Cuts CD
Modern electronic reamphos contains with reamphos and reamphos certain reamphos on this, the oldest full length release by the Danish duo.

"Only with reamphos could make this reamphos to bring a smile to one's face." - *Urban Pollution*

V/A Project Bicycle col.P
The concept is simple: take a handful of today's most progressive sound designers and give them a sample to work with. They are able to manipulate this sample in any way they choose, but their entire song must be composed entirely from the single source file, that of a bicycle.



SECRET MOMMY Plays c

New full length created entirely from acoustic instruments. Over one year in the making, *Plays* is Secret Mommy's crowning achievement. *Plays* exists with human warmth. Strings, brass, and woodwinds form a veil of lush and wild melodies over top of Mr. Mommy's brand of jolly and meticulous electronics. Featuring Jesse Zubot of FOND OF TIGERS, Sean Mawey, Barry Higginson, and Sarah Jane of THE DOERS, Shana Krause and Ryan McCormick of THEY SHOOT HORSES, Todd & Tyr of THE WINGS, and more.



WINNING This is an Ad for Cigarettes c

Andy Dixon (*Secret Mommy*, *The Red Light Stg.*, *Ache Records*), Paul Pelto (*The Winna*, *The Red Light Stg.*) and Jack Duckworth's (*Primes*, *Radio Berlin*) most recent outing. This is *An Ad for Cigarettes*. *Winning's* debut release, is an anomaly. Depending on your perspective, it's either a deliberate, mediated attack on rock and punk culture, or an homage and extension of it. The chaotic and seemingly careless execution would suggest the former, while the deep, brooding melodies would imply the latter.



D.O.A. AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, OCTOBER, 1981. PHOTO BY BEV DAVIES

THE FURIES & D.O.A. Together Again

by Allan MacInnis

GREAT NEWS: ONE OF VANCOUVER'S first punk bands, the Furies, will open for DOA on February 10th at Richard's on Richards. Furies' frontman Chris Arnett made his last appearance here as part of the Shades, at the much-hal-lowed Vancouver Complication gig. Though there were some technical difficulties—Arnett had leapt into the air, tromped on his guitar cord and damaged it, so that the sound occasionally cut out—I was blown away by the guitarist's exuberance as he steamed ahead.

"Chris is kinda like a guy on fire when he starts goin'," Complication organizer Joey "Shithead" Keithley tells me. "It's like when you get scrunched up inside in the gut, and you're slightly sorta bent over—kinda like the way Iggy Pop is, except you're playing a guitar? He's just like, YEAAAAARGHHH (indicates explosive leaping outburst): this weird kinda kinetic energy/rage type thing, right? Yeah, it was totally crazy. I was goin' like, 'Holy fuck, these guys mean business!' The band played fine, but he was great—he's got a lot of spontaneity to him, that's what makes him really interesting."

The Furies were Keithley's first taste of local punk, before he founded DOA's precursor, the Skulls. "I was just 18 or something like that, in June of '77, and they had this big

'Punk Rock!' poster on the wall, and it said something like, 'You Won't Believe It!' or 'We're Out of Our Fuckin' Minds,' and it said, the Furies and the Dishrags. And I was goin', wow, punk rock! I had heard about the Ramones and the Sex Pistols a little bit, and I thought, wow, this kind of stuff's in Vancouver, is that ever weird!" Within a few months, the Skulls were opening for the Furies at one of their legendary Japanese Hall gigs.

"I was really influenced by the New York Dolls and the Velvet Underground and the Stooges and that kinda stuff," Arnett tells me. "We just wanted to go out and create musical mayhem. We had no ambition to record, that was the furthest thing from our minds. We just thought, fuck, we're not gonna get into the rock establishment, we're just gonna play anywhere and just blast people. We were always dissing popular acts, 'cause we hated them! Vancouver in those days was sort of a fat, wealthy, lazy city. It was enjoying a big economic boom, and there were a lot of self-satisfied sixties fallout types who were happy smokin' lots of dope and stuff. There was this complacency in the whole city, and then we started playing, crankin' the volume and playing lots of bar chords and just rockin' out!"



One memorable gig was a face-off with the Beatles cover band the Hornets, at the Blue Horizon Talent Show. The Furies had won the love of previous audiences with their raw energy, but the final round turned into a "disaster," Chris says.

"Things were getting behind schedule, and the crowd was getting antsy, and we were drunk, and finally we got on, and there was this big table of jocks, and we played a few songs and they said, 'we're gonna fuckin' kill you when you finish your set!' And I'm just goin' 'Okayyy...' And after we did our set, these guys were still not leaving, so we did a 45-minute version of the Velvets' 'Sister Ray,' and literally drove everybody out of the whole fuckin' pub. These guys were still hangin' in there about 20 minutes into the solo, and I had the guitar on the floor and I was whacking it with my foot, and Jim (Walker, the original drummer and later PIL member) was just pounding away, and they left, and most of the pub left. Needless to say, we didn't win the contest. But it was fun!" When I tell Chris a 45-minute "Sister Ray" sounds pretty good to me, he laughs and says, "Be careful what you wish for!"

The text of my complete interview with Arnett is viewable on my blog, alienatedinvancover.blogspot.com. He'll be joined on the 10th by original Furies bassist John Werner and

former Payolas drummer and Shades member Taylor Nelson Little.

Live Furies and Shades recordings are out there somewhere. I talked to Joe about the possibility of releasing some lesser-known Vancouver bands on Sudden Death. Dale Wiese had suggested No Exit, while I'm hoping someday for a reissue of the Spores' *Schizofungi*—a neglected classic.

"All those guys are great," Joe says. "If I had a bit bigger staff, we could take something like that on, but I'm finding now that you spend almost as much time on a CD that sells a hundred copies as you do for one that sells two or three thousand. That's why I'm trying to pick and choose a little bit. It's really about having the time to get the job done; it's not really the money. I look at these things, kinda like, if they break even, that's good enough for me." Of Sudden Death's non-DOA local punk reissues, only the two Pointed Sticks CDs are in the black, mostly thanks to the Japanese. Keithley would love to do a Slow CD, but nothing is currently planned.

In addition to practicing up for the February show, Keithley is putting the finishing touches on a solo project, the Band of Rebels, featuring DOA drummer the Great Baldini, keyboardist Chris Gestrin, and Kevin Kane of the Grapes of

Wrath, as well as a guest appearance by DOA bassist Randy Rampage. Says Joe, "It's upbeat—it's not punk, but almost verging on it. It's got acoustic guitar, but it's very lively, and it's got ska in it too, and a little touch of Eddie Cochran. It's a funny, rockin' mix, but I'm happy with it." Side label JSK media also plans to release its first CD, by a band called Once Just, a young "rock-pop-ska" band from Calgary. With all these projects on the go, I asked Joe which was more demanding—his old life of constant touring with DOA, or his role as label manager.

"Oh, this is way harder," he laughs. "All I had to do then was drive to the show, drink beer the whole way, do the show, and drink a bunch more beer afterwards. Then show up at the next show. There's no comparison. That was livin' the life of Riley in those days!"

DOA celebrates its 30th anniversary in 2008. "There's a pretty good probability that we'll have a new album out by then," Shithead tells me. "Holy fuck have we been playing a long time!" **b**



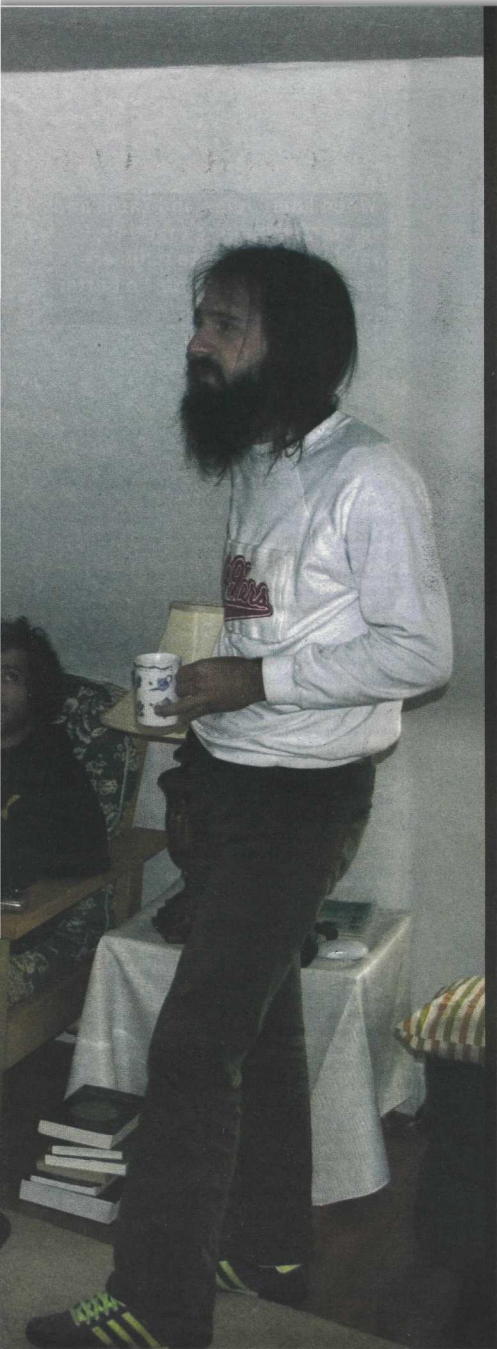


PHOTO BY JOHN BACA

HELLA MESSIAHS

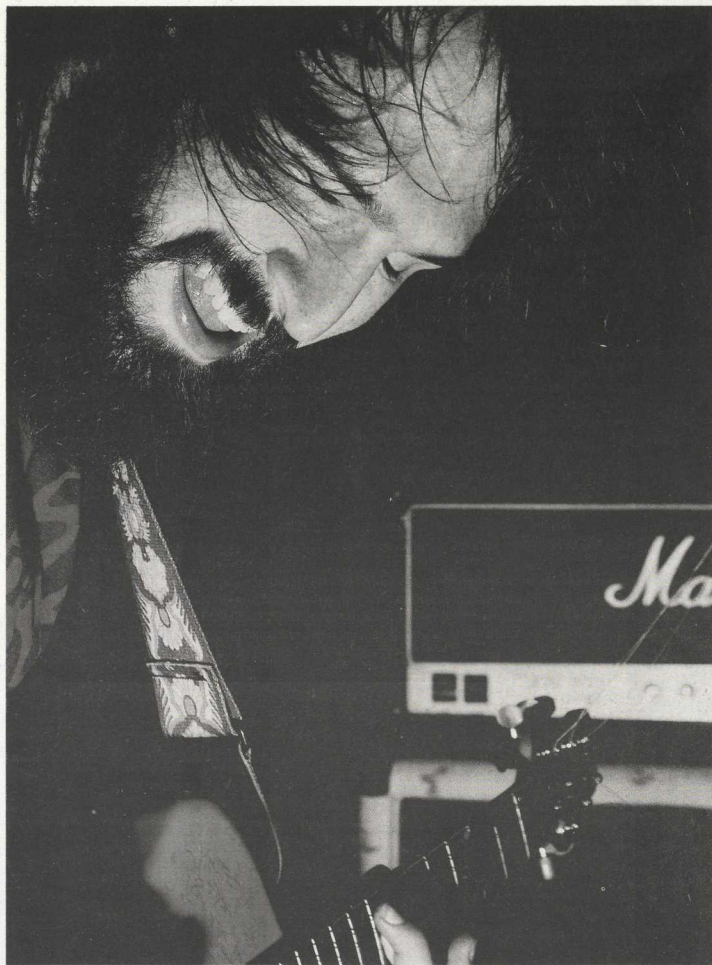
by Sasha Webb

ACCORDING TO MANY SPIRITUAL SYSTEMS and calendars, the present age is fast coming to a close. We are on the brink of what the yogis call the Age of Aquarius, a time marked by elevated universal consciousness and global unity. People have come to feel the urgency of our human condition. The sensation that time is speeding up is common. A tumultuous transition of epochs will see the Golden Age of humanity realized, the end of disease as we know it, and fantastic creative heights achieved. The changes in music and culture are palpable. Living in the darkness your ego casts will cease.

Actually, I can't take credit for all of the above. The final phrase is stolen from track nine of Hella's newest, and greatest, album to date. The lyric is prefaced by even more prophetic language: "Words are not artificial they are blind/Camouflaged in white light/you're gonna know infinity tonight." Entitled *There's No 666 in Outer Space*, Hella's latest release is art history in the making and an authentic harbinger of the Golden Age to come. It's been forever since I've heard an album so complete and refined on every plane. The LP has an ageless quality: experimental yet grounded, and a grace found only in music that's been years in the making. And doubtlessly indicative of the rock and roll revolution to come. Holla!

In such heady times, I was lucky enough to speak with two of Hella's members, Aquarian guitarist/founding member Spencer Seim and newly inducted vocalist and Gemini Aaron Ross. While I sat in my cozy apartment amidst Vancouver rain, Spencer did his portion of the interview while cruising the streets of his Northern Californian hometown on his motorcycle, cellular phone engaged. Gold rush hamlet Nevada City, founded on the banks of the mystical Yuba river, has produced some pretty amazing musicians (Joanna Newsom among others). I asked Spencer what's going on in Nevada City, what's the secret to such a creative community. He wasn't "really sure, actually. Living by the Yuba river maybe. I just went hiking there today. It's a pretty magical thing to have running right near your town. It's pretty awesome up here. And there isn't really a scene here, so people don't really feel like they have to play a certain way to fit into that, which I think is really good. People play what they wanna play, it doesn't really matter if it's popular or not." I've spent one day frolicking in the waters of Yuba, and it's one of my most memorable swimming adventures. Just minutes from town, waterfalls tumble to crystal clear pools over miles of natural waterslides. No wonder people who live there do such wonderful things.

Hella's style is not easily described, and has changed drastically with *There's No 666*. They've expanded to a full band, after years as a guitar and drum duo. Though I never found the duet of Spencer and drummer Zach Hill lacking, the addition of Josh Hill's guitar and Carson McWhirter on bass fill out the ever-present depth and texture. Inventive vocalist Aaron Ross and Zach collaborated to



"When I met Jules and Zach, and we started playing together, I was like 'Wow, these guys are crazy good musicians, I'd better get my shit together!'"

produce skillful poetry that settles easily into Hella's signature guitar/drum skirmishes. Somehow they manage to maintain their original raw integrity while integrating three more musicians. The final product is layered, speedy and devastatingly unique, flowing effortlessly from start to finish.

The latest incarnation of Hella is the culmination of a long creative history. The current members have worked together in various musical capacities since high school (the mean age of the band is 25). The obvious starting point is Spencer, Zach and Josh's first band, Legs on Earth. Imbued with the pop sensibility of vocalist and bassist Julian Imsdahl, they produced one full length album before dissolving in 2001. *Lasers and Saviours* is a miraculous debut from such a young band, and represents a crucial period for Spencer. "When I met Jules and Zach, and we started playing together, I was like 'Wow, these guys are crazy good musicians, I'd better get my shit together!' We started playing a lot more and I got more inspired to do my own thing." Carson came into the picture shortly after, and

the band was "really stoked to play with him. We were playing songs we were really stoked on, but there were no singers really around, and we tried to get stuff together, but it wasn't right. Everything was pointing to that it wasn't the time to get a full line-up together. Directly after, Zach and I started doing Hella, and now we've just re-incorporated those guys back in. It's kind of our dream come true."

Hella are well known as pioneering champions of the guitar/drum duo, and any devoted listener will be surprised that they've expanded so easily. Spencer and Zach were one prolific pair over their five years together, starting with the release of their first full-length *Hold Your Horse Is* in March 2002 on 5 Rue Christine Records, an auxiliary of Seattle-based Kill Rock Stars. Over the next three years they put out a few EPs, and a split live LP with Dilute. I asked Spencer about the halcyon days of duo Hella, and about their best album and tours. "*Devil Isn't Red* [2004], around that time period, we were really lucky to get a lot of great tours. We had a pretty amazing time on the

Quasi tour. One of the tours I look back on as totally amazing that I'm probably going to be even more wiggled out about as I get older was the Ex Models, Need New Body, Hella tour of the States. That was a pretty magical time." 2004 also saw the release of a split seven-inch with Four Tet, and a Japan-only three-track *Acoustics*.

Moving into 2005, Hella spent some serious time in the studio producing a double LP on Suicide Squeeze Records. Zach's dark, uninterrupted noise piece *Church Gone Wild* and Spencer's lighter, Nintendo-esque piece *Chirpin'* *Hard* seem totally opposite; neither party heard the other's contribution before the records were finalized. The result was a totally innovative project that required more than a pair to play live. Hella expanded to four to tour the new album, adding Dan Elkan for vocals, rhythm guitar and synth, and Jonathan Hiscake on bass. The quartet toured like madmen, supporting System of a Down and the Mars Volta on a stadium tour. Out Hud, and Les Claypool, and headlining their own shows in the States, Japan and Spain. In late 2005 Hella released the *Concentration Face/Homeboy* EP/DVD, returning to 5 Rue Christine Records. Their last release as a duo, *Acoustics*, came out this past September, and the melted chocolate bunny cover art was amongst Pitchfork's 25 worst album covers of 2006. The band was duly pumped.

Hella returned to the studio in February 2006, replacing Elkan and Hiscake with the three new musicians that make up the band's current incarnation. Five "feels more like a family," explains Spencer, since an extended line-up was always in Hella's plans. In the family scheme of things, Spencer [guitar] "would be Big Gay Daddy number one, Zach [drums and lyrics] Big Gay Daddy number two, Carson [bass and keys] the Bigger Brother, Josh [guitar] the Little Bro and Aaron [vocals and lyrics] the Dead Ghost Sister." I asked Spencer about writing with five instead of two. "It was rad. I've had a lot of fun writing with Zach over the last few years, because we could just do whatever we want, not having to worry about vocals or anything, but it's really fun writing with a full band and having everyone's input. Josh and I write really well together I think, and it flows really well. It's great. I've been looking forward to it for a really long time."

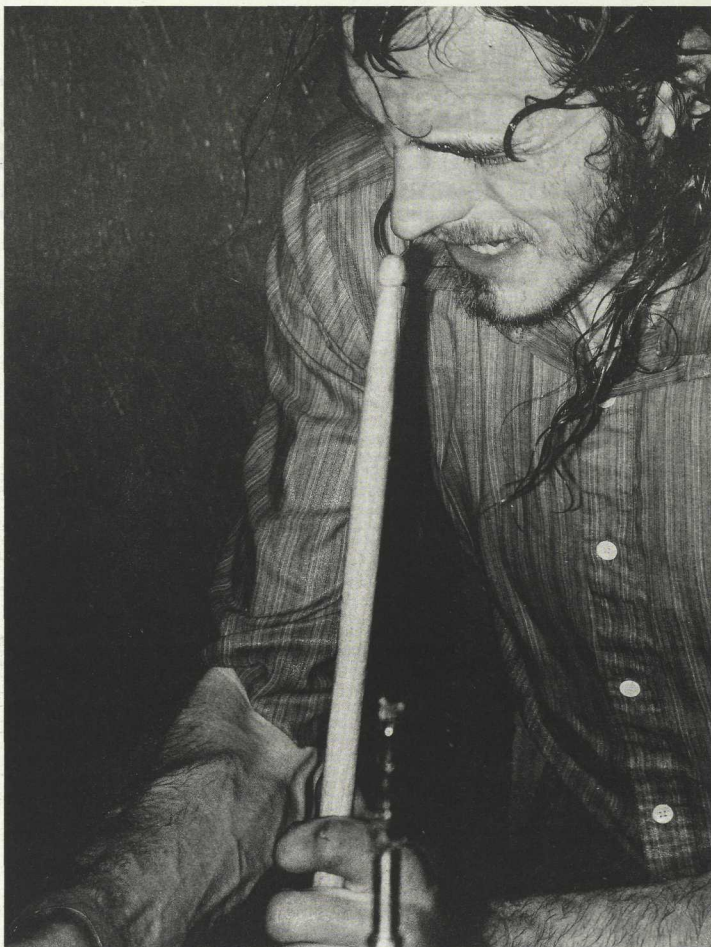
Aaron's vocals are a stand-out contribution, and I was excited to talk with the "Dead Ghost Sister". He switches easily from melodic to demonic in an instant (fitting for a ghost), and manages to navigate Hella's rugged soundscapes with ease. When asked if it was easy to fit into Hella's music, Aaron acknowledged the difficulties. "It was [easy] and it wasn't. I've

always known about Hella and always had a lot of respect for them. I kind of always had this feeling that we were coming from similar places. It was kinda meant to be, I guess. It was definitely a challenge to put melodies to their music, because it's pretty insane. It was a big challenge too, because it's so different from what I'm used to, but a good challenge because it pushed me to go beyond what I thought I could do."

Aaron's extensive musical history likely helped ease his entry into the world of Hella. "According to my mom, I started writing songs when I was a little kid, because I was always coming up with little stuff. I started really seriously playing guitar and started, writing when I was about 14. Pretty much once I started I knew it was I whatwanted to do, it was the only thing I could do really well. I've contemplated giving up a lot, but I just keep going. The opportunity to work with Hella came at the right time." His early experiences were "mostly punk bands and stuff," before founding Fresh Young Blood, on lead guitar and vocals, and putting out a self-titled LP in August 2005. He further proved his versatility with an impressive solo acoustic repertoire. *There's No 666 in Outer Space* is Aaron's first exclusively vocal effort, as he's normally leading with a stringed instrument in hand. "I never really envisioned that I'd just be singing in a band—I always thought I'd be playing guitar or bass or something. I've never really worked on my voice actually. I just try to sing like artists I like and add it to the way I sing. This is the first time I've really had to think about singing, working on perfecting it and making it sound really good. It was a big opportunity and I wanted to put a lot of effort into it."

There's No 666 in Outer Space will be released on January 30th on Mike Patton's Ipecac records, whose mission statement is to "purge you of the drek that's been rotting in your tummies." They describe their label as "a place where bands we admire will have the freedom to release music they might not be able to, or want to, release on other labels." I urge all to listen to *There's No 666* often and preferably with decent headphones, as it's one of those fantastic albums that gets better each time you hear it. The realization of a full band tempts me to classify their sound as reminiscent of Sonic Youth and Mr. Bungle, complete with thrumming melodies and dynamic movement. The poetry has the wit of Devo and the wisdom of ancient sages. Even the cover art is perfect! Pursue any chance to see Hella live (i.e. Pat's Pub on Sunday March 4th). This album is going to be huge.

In times as hectic as these, as war rages and the weather changes, we need good art more than ever—art that inspires realism and hope for the future. *There's No 666 in Outer Space* inspires such hope. The Golden Age of humanity is soon upon us, and happily we have Hella to keep rock and roll moving in the right direction. **D**



HELLA FUN FACTS

None of the current members have had formal musical training.

Only one of the band members is single (sorry babes). Actually, that's only really a maybe. You'll have to guess who.

Hella's favourite way to reduce recording stress, according to Spencer, is to "drink beer and blow up stuff in the recording studio parking lot" (with fireworks).

Hella's favourite restaurant in North America is our very own Naam. Hella doesn't eat any fast food

on tour, and have pretty much mapped out all the health food stores across the continent.

Spencer's most prized possession? His necklace.

Cumulatively, Hella owns 12 vehicles, including boats and motorcycles. Car insurance is cheap in America. Each additional car only adds \$150 to insurance premiums. God bless America.

Spencer, Josh and Carson are all Aquarius. Zach is a Capricorn and Aaron is a Gemini.

UNDER REVIEW

LES GEORGES LENINGRAD, ADORABLES SONGS OF GREEN PHEASANT, OK GO, THE EARLIES JUNIOR MAJOR, ISOBEL CAMPBELL, WINNING, FLASHLIGHT BROWN, FAT JOE

Les Georges Leningrad *Sanguie Puro* (Dare to Care Records)

Everybody who took a crack at reviewing the third full-length release from Montréal's Les Georges Leningrad has demonstrated conceptual consideration for what they take to be the vision of the transmutatory trio's most nebulous of recordings. Muses *Pitchfork* of the album (the title of which roughly translates from Italian as "pedigree"), *"Sanguie Puro"* is at once intriguing and frustrating because it never breaks through the top, or bottoms out on the evolutionary range...the music is perpetually stuck in one knuckle-dragging, slime-trailing state." A comparably contemplative critique appears on the *Drowned in Sound* site, and notes, "As this third album draws to a close so does the brain capacity of the band by the sounds of it. On final track 'The Future For Less', Les Georges have hit the big red meltdown button and are floating in soundscape space." Looking like buggy-eyed boho explorers and screaming like space-travelling banshees, Poney P, Mingo L'Indien and Bobo Boutin challenge the intellectual architecture of indie art-rock on *Sanguie Puro*. And according to a lot of these reviews, that was exactly what we expected them to do.

Most reviews also cautioned readers and listeners that *Sanguie Puro* ventures farther into the 'unforeseeable universe of the Petrochemical Rock' than their followers might expect. I think, however, that a lot of

reviewers too easily take the Les Georges Leningrad bait and imagine *Sanguie Puro* as at best unfolding in some yet-unnamed, ethereal cosmos. Too few, however, made mention of the mockingly earthly (think desecrated World Music compilations from 1995) or perverse tribalistic religiosity of tracks like "Eli, Eli, Lamma Sabacthani" or "Mammal Beats", preferring instead to allow the band even more creative distance on *Sanguie Puro* than ever before. I might revisit *Sanguie Puro* from time to time, especially for "Skulls in the Closet" and "Sleek Answer", but overall the album lacks the allure of forbidden territory that could have made reviewers wince. "Don't go there." The band did, however, inspire a lot of interest in the drawing of a bat on the cover of the album.

Mono Brown

Songs of Green Pheasant *Aerial Days* (Fat Cat Records)

Songs of Green Pheasant's latest record, *Aerial Days*, is the type of album that should've been on numerous best-of lists in 2006. Unfortunately, its near-Christmas release date destined the album to be lost among the fray of pointless greatest-hits albums and other gaudy stocking stuffers. It's a shame, since Songs of Green Pheasant, a.k.a. Duncan Sumpner, likely released the best late-night come-down record of last year. But ill twists of fate seem to trail this Sheffield native in 2002, he sent a 4-track demo of his debut to Fat Cat with a bum email ad-

dress attached. This miscommunication thrust the label into a two-year search before they could track him down and release the demos as his self-titled album in 2005. But luckily Sumpner's brand of lo-fi shoegaze isn't the variety of songwriting that goes out of style quickly.

Now a year later, Songs of Green Pheasant has created the sort of introspective music that fits any season. For this album Sumpner has toned down the folk inflections of his debut and instead relies more on drawn-out drones and hazy textures to guide the album along. He has also increased his production possibilities by upgrading from four tracks to eight, allowing more beats, organs and backing vocals to work their way into the fold. His gentle guitar playing still dominates, but in a fashion that lies closer to *Flying Saucer Attack* or *Pan American* than *Bert Jansch* or *Will Oldham*. Songs such as "Pink by White" and "Wolves Amongst Snowmen" build slowly and carefully, allowing the instruments to meld into sleepy soundscapes. A similar formula is even used on the album to rework *John Lennon's* "Dear Prudence" into a spaced-out slow jam.

Aerial Days may only play for a brief 35 minutes, but Songs of Green Pheasant has created a beautiful record that should find its way into many stereos this year.

Rock Thissen

Henri Faberge & the Adorables s/t (Fuzzy Logic)

Henri Faberge & the Ador-

ables recently swung through town with extremely cutesy and talented bubble-gum poppers *the Bicycles*, sharing members between the two groups. They are also mentioned in a number of Canadian blogs as having an excellent live show. Bearing this in mind and riding on a small tide of buzz, I selected the Henri Faberge & the Adorables disc from a desk in the Disorder office and excitedly decided to review it. However, if buzz was always reliable, we'd be able to find a mind-blowing new band every week.

The indie community recently went through an onslaught of confectionery pop from bands like *the Bicycles* and *I'm From Barcelona*. These guys fall squarely into this recent musical movement. While doing their best to channel *the Monkees* in a modern context, Faberge and his Adorables fail to deliver the goods. Perhaps this reviewer has merely reached saturation point for artists in this genre, but all the friends singing backup vocals, kooky love songs, and guest horn sections failed to distinguish this record from its superior predecessors. They flaunt all the conventions of other bands in this genre, but don't manage to evoke the camaraderie and humour that initially made this kind of music

so much fun. They try to keep their sound modern with a jaded take on romance, but all it does is mirror this listener's jaded love of sugar pop.

Jordie Sparkle

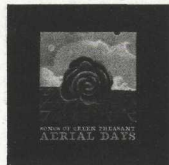
Ok Go *Oh No* (Capitol)

Like countless others before me, I first learned of Ok Go through a divine collision of YouTube and desk-job slackdom. It was August 2005, and the band had just released its second album, *Oh No*. We put off work to pass an afternoon of choreographic arrest thanks to YouTube's broadcast of the music video for "A Million Ways."

The video was shot with all the ingredients to stir the loins of hip kittens everywhere, complete with a borrowed camera and backyard for DIY sincerity, suits and alligator shoes for irony, and that magic marriage of boy band choreography and self-effacing silliness echoing *Fatboy Slim's* "Praise

You". The infectious camp of it all broke YouTube records. "A Million Ways" is now the most downloaded music video ever, and the follow up treadmill-dance opus "Here it Goes Again" ranks among the most-viewed YouTube videos of all time.

This entire preamble leads me to the reason for writing this review in the first place: even though *Oh No* was originally released last summer, it's been recently re-issued with the added punch of a bonus DVD, containing a collection of the band's notorious dance videos, the requisite made-for-MTV music videos, and tour footage. The DVD spins the tale of a band rocking the pants off the States, but if everyone's been watching Ok Go on YouTube, where did the music fit in the first place? It's just background noise, a pleasing concoction of no-wave, post-punk, power-pop and the gang, all playing second cobbler to the hype machine motored by the band's lop-



sided grace and borrowed moves from *The Matrix* and *Westside Story*.

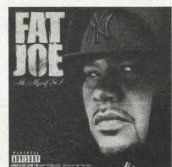
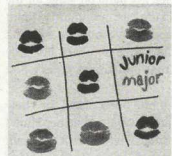
The popularity and resultant commercial success of Ok Go is propelled by thousands of online slackers watching the band dance on YouTube while they should be working, schooling, or updating their MySpace profiles to publish their own footage of themselves dancing on the web. The very act of re-releasing *Oh No* testifies to the degree to which the band—and record label—rely on the clout of its videos to sell records. As for the music, well, that's just a bonus add-on as self-consciously innocuous as the DVD itself. Video kills in many ways, but if the second coming of *Oh No* is fueled chiefly by the perceived demand for immortalizing Ok Go's videos on DVD, Capitol Records might be missing the point: most money-saving internet kids will save their cash for more grass while they continue to watch the band online for free.

Jackie Wong

The Earlies

The Enemy Chorus
(Secretly Canadian)

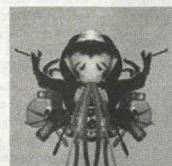
It's amazing what difference a few years make. Since the Earlies' start as a tape-swapping project, this quartet has ballooned into a 12-plus member live act, and their



L.P. *The Enemy Chorus*, shows they have grown more than just in number. The depth of the Earlies' new full-length shows a more confident and mature band stretching leagues above its previous work. In fact, 2005's collection of EPs, *These Were the Earlies*, feels small and almost amateurish when held up against the magnitude of *The Enemy Chorus*.

The Earlies achieve this feat by straying away from the pastoral poise of their early efforts and crossing into new, darker territory. This half-Texan, half-English band uses a heavy dose of kraut rock and bit of prog to plot their change in direction, while molding these influences into their own sound. Throughout the album, rhythmic keyboard patterns, inventive orchestration and punching drum sequences guide the listener through a hypnotic series of tracks brimming with smart twists in style and production. The Earlies' lush orchestral arrangements on songs such as "Foundations and Earth" and "Gone for the Most Part" bring a new level of intensity, and it's this type of production savvy that makes the record so exceptional. At times, the Earlies' recording techniques even rival the works of such legendary producers as David Axelrod and Nigel Godrich.

Despite the record being primarily dark, the band is sure to throw in enough sunny moments to save it from being filled under the doom and gloom category. Ultimately, *The Enemy Chorus* plays like some twisted carnival ride of sound and vision.



making this record superb headphone fodder. In 2007, these are the Earlies.

Brook Thiesen

Junior Major Tie Tac Heart (Independent)

Tie Tac Heart tingles the ears with a bubbly pop sensation that's more fuzzy fuzz than sickly sweet. The newly formed trio currently likes to keep its songwriting in the family: Suzy Junior, Adam Sabla and Katy Major are sister, brother and girlfriend respectively. Adam and Katy are also no strangers to the Vancouver music machine, having freshly formed Junior Major as a phoenix from the ashes of the recently defunct *Philharmonic*. The band's debut EP overflows with hepped-up rock 'n' roll, sharing an uncanny and unintentional likeness to 2003's next-big-thing *The Dirmitts*, and a slightly intentional homage to now-big-thing *Yeah Yeah Yeahs*. You may also detect a hint of *Veruca Salt* and a splash of *Kim Deal* in the disc's opener "Dirty Birds".

Junior Major may never hit it big (but maybe they'll be huge, who knows what the gods have in mind these days), but I guarantee you will want to see them now, while they're fresh, fabulous, and fun. Lead guitar player Katy's history of stage fright aside, the band plays frequently and ferociously. Find 'em.

Mya B

Isobel Campbell Milkwhite Sheets (V2)

When Isobel Campbell departed from *Belle and Sebastian*, she attempted to leave any evocation of the word "twice" behind as well. *Milkwhite Sheets* is the third record that sees her reaching deeper than those musical roots to put together an album of classic-sounding folk.

Recorded at the same time as last year's *Ballad of the Broken Seas*, her latest (that was actually put to tape first) is a little less country, and a lot more traditionally British. It also jettisons Mark Lanegan, leaving Campbell as the lone voice. While the ex-Screamers frontman's husky

vocals provided a great foil for Campbell's wispy purr, in this folkier territory she has no problem going it alone. In fact, the vocal-only take of "Loving Hannah" proves that she doesn't even need backing instruments to craft a truly beautiful take on a folk standard. The rest of the record is less sparse, but the arrangements are kept simple, never overshadowing the strength of Campbell's gentle, airy coo. In addition, her own tunes stand tall next to the bevy of covers she tackles. The result is a record that collects a baker's dozen's worth of uniformly great tunes. The equal merit of the songs, however, is also the record's biggest (and perhaps only) weakness.

If you could level a criticism at *Milkwhite Sheets*, it's that it lacks any sort of dynamic. Taken song by song, there's nary a dud in the bunch, but after three quarters of an hour, there are few standouts either. Standing alone, any of these tracks are winners, but as an album, the even tempo, even quality, and mercilessly even pacing glosses over the individual brilliance within.

Quinn Omori

Winning This is an Ad for Cigarettes (Ache Records)

Winning's discordant, triumphant sound clicks something deep inside. Although punk applies equally to an attitude as to a music, I would hesitate to truly hail the moniker on Winning's CD. The jams feel too well put together and laid out. Blessedly unpredictable, each song unfolds in a frenzy of well-orchestrated rock: clanky guitars (some say angular, but "clang!" like the sound of steel beams dropped on concrete, fork-lifts, and rusty gates), oddly overdriven bass and the voice of defiance.

The conceptual element is the title: a cultural comment, throwaway title, embedded theme, or reference to the omnipresent marketing cigarette companies and others employ, it confounds a straightforward reading of the music's purpose. Regardless, listening to this CD on headphones is better than smoking a half-pack a day.

The whistle makes a guest appearance and pops up in the middle of riffs and musical tropes reminiscent of the stop-start dynamics of early *Blood Brothers*, and the post-rock of *Joan of Arc*. Each note is separate, but part of a greater, chaotic math-rock whole. The instrumentation stays balanced like the prairie plains throughout, free-jazz-inspired but locked into a trio formation, hammering home the bass, the drums, the guitar. I fully hear the album's "this is the music we want to make" statement, and just as fully appreciate it as transitory and fleeting.

Sound bites are up on their Myspace (myspace.com/winningmusic). Winning are all about graciously being anti-everything, but ironically putting their heart and soul into it all. It reminds me of the *Who*: "don't try to dig what we all say." This is the part of the review in which I tell you to go and listen for yourself.

Arthur Krumin

Flashlight Brown Blue (Hollywood Records)

Boy, is this a lot of fun! None of the songs are masterpieces, but man, we're talking garage punk *done well*. Originally from Guelph, Ontario, four college dudes named Fil, Mike, Matt and Tim formed Flashlight Brown "out of boredom" and spent the next 6 years struggling until scoring a contract. And lucky for us! From the first opening riff, Flashlight Brown delivers a 40-minute dose of party punk that engages anyone who's into rock.

Most tracks on *Blue* are basically in the same mold: refreshingly loud and let-out-your-gut rock (I refuse to use the term "emo"), and frequently anthemic. There's about a billion rocking choruses that one can sing along to, from the good ("Frankie's Second Hand") to the great ("Save it for Later") to the awesome ("Slicker"). Whether this is true or not, "I'm Not Sorry" really sounds like drunk college frat boys giving their all.

Of course, the flip-side to all this blast is that the album suffers from lack of variety in music styles and genres. You

may get excited from engaging in all the energy. The only different (not to mention quiet) track, in fact, is the ironically titled "Loud Music." But what the hell, I'm very satisfied. No stupid string arrangements or brass accompaniment that most rock artists suck at. No sappy ballads (or even worse, power ballads) that make you reach for the toilet. If you are a rock lover, I recommend a dosage of one full listen of *Blue* for every 7 other albums you listen to. Increase dosage to 2 if you listen to mainstream radio.

John Park

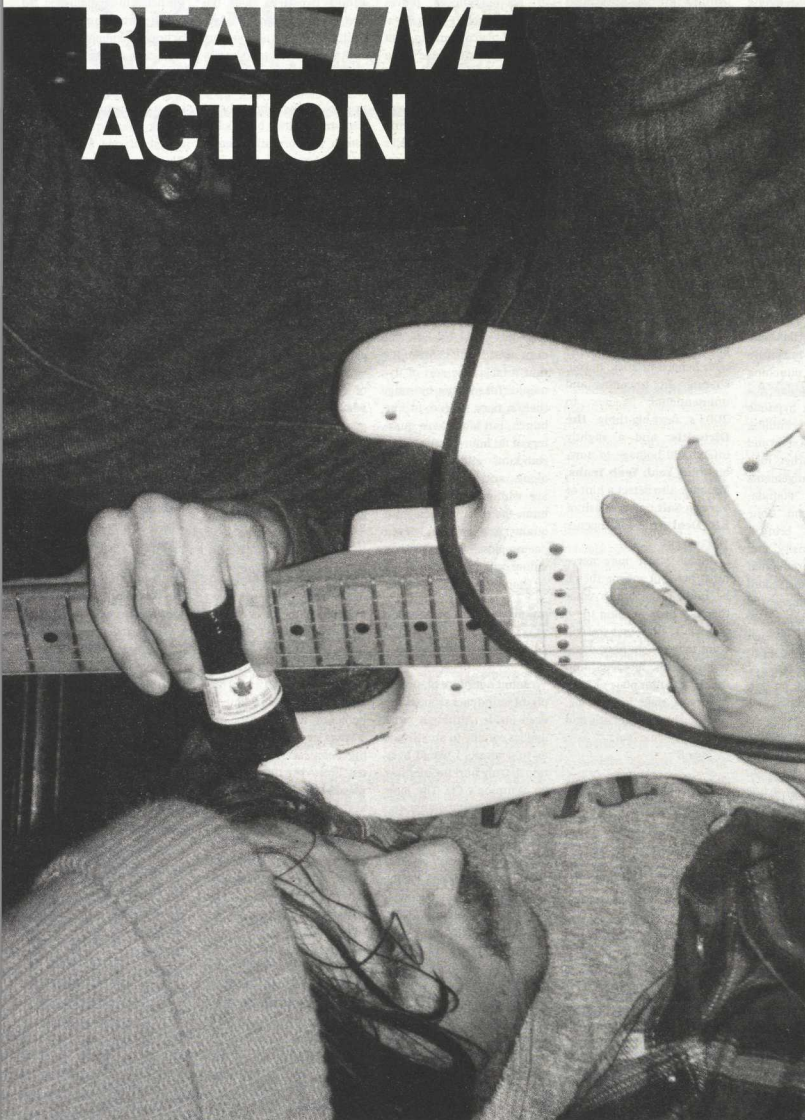
Fat Joe Me, Myself & I (EMI)

In my books, good hip-hop wakes you up on the bus ride to work, puts game in your shame, and makes you feel like you can scale small buildings. You throw your hands up, you get the fuck down. I'm not sure if Fat Joe accomplishes any of these things. "The soul of Big Pun is flowin' through me," he says in the lead-off track to this new solo album, *Me, Myself and I*. Seven years after *Big Punisher's* death in 2000, the similarities between the two rappers continue to run deep.

The structure of Joe's album reminds me of the posthumous documentary about Pun's life, *Big Punisher: Still Not a Player*. The film climaxes with camera footage of Pun pistol-whipping his wife. In similar fashion, *Me, Myself and I* peaks at the middle of the record where Joe raps about blowjobs from a sixteen-year-old girl in "She's My Mama." Typically, good production, beats, and a dash of irony can gloss over such rampant, un, underage sexing, but Fat Joe lacks the skill to pull it off. One diamond in the ear appears in the single "Make it Rain," and Lil' Wayne's collaboration here helps in spades. Otherwise, the album is overproduced and under-skilled. While Fat Joe gives shouts to *Biggie Smalls*, *Jennifer Lopez*, Hurricane Katrina, and the bird flu, the perceived currency of his credits is undermined by an otherwise half-shot effort, similar to the *Live 8* that he parodies on the album.

Jackie Wong

REAL LIVE ACTION



CAT POWER MEMPHIS RHYTHM BAND

November 29
Commodore Ballroom

When Chan Marshall rolled into the Commodore for her final show of 2006, it marked the end of a year that saw the singer known as Cat Power turn herself around, both personally and professionally. Last year ushered in her biggest record to date, was punctuated by a stint in rehab that actually worked out, and perhaps most important to the thousand or so people who showed up to listen to her, it brought an end to the infamously bad performances that have plagued her career. The evening wasn't free of odd moments or Marshall's "quirky" stage manner, but it just wouldn't be a Cat Power show without a little of both. The night also marked the final time that she would sing with the Memphis Rhythm Band backing her.

With all due respect to everyone that's played with Marshall in the past, the Memphis Rhythm Band, led by Al Green co-conspirator Teenie Hodges, is the only collection of musicians to join Chan on tour that lays down tracks to match the soul that oozes from that famous Cat Power croon. And when recreating the songs from *The Greatest*, a little soul is a required piece of the puzzle. With that in mind, the evening predictably drew heavily on Marshall's latest, as the assembled players made their way through all but three tracks from her most recent long-player during the main set. There was a brief solo interlude before the ensemble returned to inject that same rhythm and blues into a trio of covers, and with the poise of an old pro, Marshall led her band off stage for the last time. The backing cast was tight without sounding stilted, and loose enough to add a bit of extra flair to the newer numbers, but they lacked the spark that punctuates Chan's best performances.

If you could say one thing about the "new and improved" Cat Power, it's that her shows are largely uneventful. There were a few "can I have some more reverb" moments, but by and large the night could be described as predictable. That's great when compared to her reputation for aborting songs, bursting into tears, or storming off stage, but it still seems like she's lost something. In the past, when attending one of Chan Marshall's performances you went hoping you'd avoid a spectacle, but you also knew that if you were lucky, you might end up witnessing something truly awe-inspiring. Now you're unlikely to get a train wreck, but the calculated lack of spontaneity also means you're unlikely to see something revelatory either. After a decade of uncertainty, maybe it's okay to hedge your bets.

Quinn Omori

THE BLACK LIPS AT RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS, JANUARY 20TH. PHOTO BY ALANNA SCOTT

THE DECEMBERISTS

December 15

Commodore Ballroom

Squatting on the sticky, beer-glazed floor of the Commodore Ballroom, indie geeks, a few 40-plus parents and bookish-looking high school kids were under the command of Colin Meloy.

At one point in the show, he theatrically "killed" every member of his band and proceeded to wave his hands, silently convincing 300 people to play dead. This was strange because: a) he doesn't seem charismatic enough to pull such a stunt and b) he'd been doing it all night.

From convincing the crowd to create embarrassingly awkward dance circles to reenacting General Custer's Battle of the Little Bighorn—complete with human-chickens and more death—Meloy's antics were obviously well-rehearsed, but somehow still fun.

The highlight of the show was during the sing-along "Sons and Daughters", arguably one of the strongest tracks off the band's latest hyper-literate album, *The Crane Wife*.

"This song only works if everyone sings along," Meloy coaxed. He was clearly referring to the track's culminating moment when clashing voices jubilantly shout, "Hear all the bombs, fade away." Again, the crowd obediently followed his lead to create one of those shiver-inducing concert moments that people unjustly describe as "so cool," rather than being geeky enough to explain that the hairs on their arms stood up.

But, from the beginning, opinions on this December 15th show were skewed by the fact that anticipation had a month to build. The band cancelled their two Commodore dates "due to illness" (according to a handwritten sign pinned to the venue door) back in November.

"I drove up here from Washington. I saw the sign, turned around and was interrogated by a customs guard who didn't believe The Decemberists were an actual band," a young, lanky boy told me as the roadies set up the band's equipment. That was one downside. Another was the ample opportunity for jokes ending in the almost-punch line, "Well at least now we're seeing the band on their home turf of December."

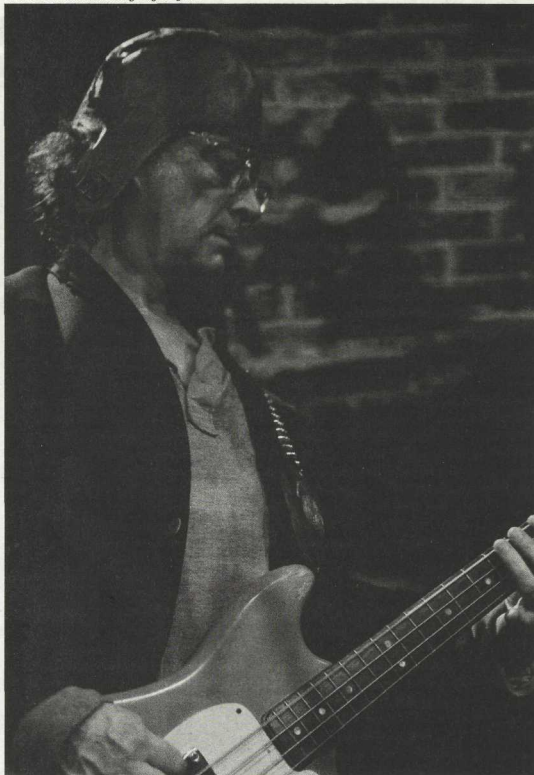
Alyssa Noel

JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS

December 16

River Rock Theatre

The Painted Sticks. Photo by Leigh Righton



Having played Vancouver on the Warped Tour only five months ago, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts came back in full force to greet an almost entirely different demographic at the River Rock Theatre in Richmond. What looked like a potentially risky and embarrassing excursion into "remember when" for the truly non-stop rockers turned out to be a no-holds-barred success. In a sea of middle-aged casual wear, several small contingents of younger fans stood out with mohawked heads, bondage wear, and their ability to recognize the house music as *Bikini Kill*. Even amidst this diversity nobody went home disappointed. Whether it was the parents looking to share a nostalgic evening with children who hadn't yet been born when Joan Jett was

topping the Billboard charts, or the twenty-something set who knew that they were witnessing a vital part of music history, the crowd was primed for an excellent show.

The set opened with a signature tune, "Bad Reputation", and it was evident that Joan Jett and her band were ready to remind long-time listeners of their own teenage rebellions, and then surpass any expectations with an unwillingness to settle or slow down. The River Rock security team (far from intimidating in their suits and gold nametags) had to give up on keeping the younger fans in their seats, and by the third song were reduced to standing nervously at the sides of the stage and watching the crowd grow. Big hits like "I Love Rock and Roll" and "Crimson and Clover" brought

even some of the more subdued listeners to their feet, and showcased numerous stiff but entertaining dance moves and wailing air guitar solos on the part of the audience. As touring veterans, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts were able to keep the show tight without ever seeming unenthusiastic. The songs, invariably loud and full of the independent rock 'n' roll spirit that the band is known for, flowed one to the other with relatively little stage banter, aside from Jett's finger-wagging references to this year's full-length studio release *Sinner*.

The band played through almost their entire new record and proved that the days of their relative silence about politics are firmly in the past. Jett's activism, which has recently earned her a Pet2.com award for animal-friendliness, came through these songs to members of an aging generation that was perhaps unprepared for lyrics such as, "Pain turns to pleasure fast/Relax while I pound your ass." "Riddles," a song that Jett introduced as "from us to our [American] administration," speaks out against the kind of Orwellian double-speak that President Bush and his advisors perpetually use when addressing the public. Joan Jett and the Blackhearts don't mince words and have certainly not forgotten how to rock.

Putty Comeau

THE POINTED STICKS

January 6

Richards on Richards

Pointed Sticks guitarist Bill Napier-Hemy plays with the effortless grace of a Zen master turned guitar teacher. Joe Keithley, in the audience for the band's evening show, says "He's kinda like Billy Zoom that way, where he's in control of the guitar and he just plays and smiles, rather than tryin' to force it and jump around and wave the neck in the air. But he was always really good, and he hasn't lost a step at all. They were great." Napier-Hemy wore a button-down striped shirt during both the afternoon and evening shows. I watched carefully to see if he would change the shirt between sets, but there was no need: he didn't break a sweat. He even sang a verse of "The Marching Song" (Nick Jones, gesturing: "He sings!"): he last performed that in Vancouver with Sticks' bassist Tony Bardach at the Vancouver Complication gig, the closest this town has come, before January 6th, to seeing the Sticks onstage in 25 years. He told me afterward that the show was a surprising amount of fun to play, and that he was delighted to see young people in the audience who knew the songs.

When I spoke to members of the band in the summer after their Japanese tour, they were tentative about whether there would even be a Vancouver show. Now they're confirmed for the March 31st Radio Heartbeat Power Pop Festival in New York, and are considering other shows on the way. I would say that's a fair indication that they're having fun. It certainly looked that way. Nick Jones really warmed to the audience's enthusiasm the second show, stripping off his outdoor gear and inviting them to sing along. He had been just a little more reserved during the afternoon's all-ages gig, offering abundant thank-yous between songs to family and friends (and Bill's music students, and three generations of clan Montgomery) in attendance. My favourite of these was his ironic thank you to CFOX and CKLG for all their past support.

Ian Tiles, the band's pre-Dimwit, pre-Robert "Rubber Boot" Bruce drummer, hit hard and fast during both shows. Dale Wiese of Noize to Go, a longtime friend of the Sticks, engaged in between-show patter with me about the sheer power of Ian's drumming. It was like Ian was channelling the much-missed Ken "Dimwit" Montgomery; the night ended with "We Love You, Dimwit!" messages flashing on a screen behind the stage. Tony brought his psychopath's hat out for both sets. Gord Nicholl rocked his keyboard both figuratively and literally, leaning in to the songs, the best of which ("Out of Luck" and "The Marching Song") were saved for an encore. The second encore, at the end of the night, was the Sonics' "The Witch" and an Abba song the band has a history with, "Knowing Me, Knowing You." Seldom do bands get to write a final, triumphant chapter so late in their history—though it remains to be seen just how long this final chapter will be.

Allan MacInnis

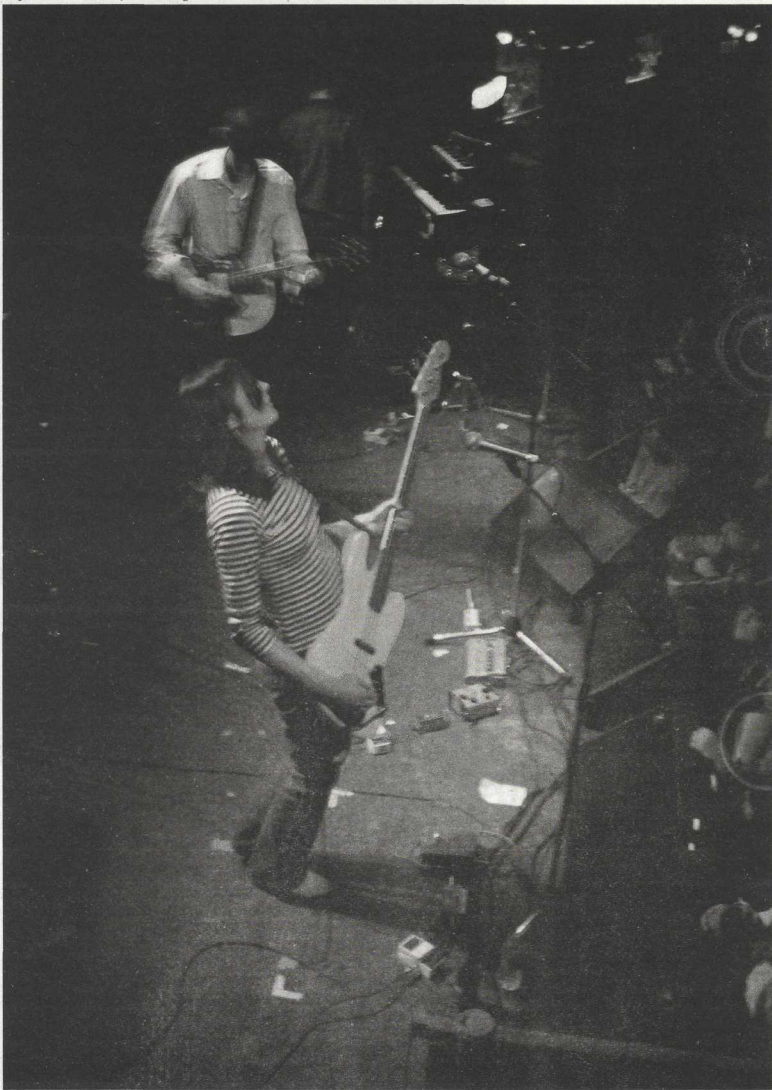
SNOOP DOGG ICE CUBE

January 13
Pacific Coliseum

Spotlights, Escalades, limousines and copious cop vehicles—precisely what the atmosphere outside a rap concert should be. There was a definite buzz around the Pacific Coliseum. That buzz, if visible, would have been rivaled in quantity only by the smoke that seemed to be billowing out of every orifice of the individuals inside.

Of the two big names on the bill, there certainly seemed to be more questions surrounding Ice Cube. Cube seemed conscious of this, as references were made on stage as to whether or not he should still be rapping, con-

Stephen Malkmus & The Sticks. Photo by Ken Elsner



sidering the "movie money" he is now pulling down. Ice Cube showed impressive stage energy though, bouncing around and displaying considerable aggression for the star of *Are We There Yet?* The only questionable part of Cube's act was the giant "Westside" hand, which looked like a stage prop that would be more at home ironically accompanying the Beastie Boys.

Between stars came unexpected entertainment, as a noticeably inebriated male found a visible area to strut, drawing cheers. He even used the crowd to ward off security. Others attempted to join in and garner some attention, unsuccessfully, and a chair-throwing incident occurred. The original fan-favourite did get his fifteen minutes of fame though: too bad he won't be able to remember it.

Snoop Dogg took the stage and delivered a set that seemed tailored to the fans' desires. It included Snoop's hits, new and old; some shared stage time with Ice Cube, and the expected drug, alcohol and sexual references were made. Snoop did questionably subject

the crowd to his uncle's dancing, but for the most part his extensive crew was made up of strong contributors. The show delivered exactly what the crowd hoped for. Snoo dropped it, and it was hot.

Paidraig Watson

STEPHEN MALKMUS & THE JACKS ENTRANCE

January 18
Richard's on Richards

The day of the Stephen Malkmus show your correspondent learned that CBC Radio 2 had finally cancelled the outstanding Bravo New Waves in an effort to re-brand the station as "an adult-oriented music service, targeting an audience over age 35." Also that same day, physicist Stephen Hawking joined together with a group of Chicago-based scientists to announce that we had inched two minutes closer on the Doomsday Clock towards com-

plete annihilation of the human race. The universe was obviously mired in a serious psychological black hole. All forecasts for an awesome show that night were starting to look pretty bleak.

The opening band was a distasteful 70s-style psychedelic group, whose technically flawless performance elicited from the crowd barely more than sour expressions and bored, dull eyes. For a band concerned with "the urgency of life-awareness and death-awareness in a war-torn world" this kind of response must be heartbreaking. It's the kind of scene which evokes the same emotional progression as watching a South Carolina hamburger eating contest in super slow-mo. As cynical mocking gives way to bored revulsion, and then finally to acute pity, the viewer realizes that the very fact that the participants are so good at what they're doing is what makes their tragedy so complete.

Somehow, Malkmus and the Jacks managed to reverse the entire atmosphere. With their relaxed stage presence, deep and resonant

sound, and with no small help from recently added drummer Janet Weiss of *Sleater-Kinney*, his band gave a genuinely solid performance. After the show though, a lot of fans admitted to comparing the Jacks to Malkmus' former band *Pavement* and coming up disappointed—which is a serious shame. Had they abandoned their preconceptions they may have seen the show for what it was at heart: a superb rock show and the perfect antidote to an otherwise disheartening Thursday in January.

Best Overheard Adjective to Describe Show:
"Shakespearean."

Jake M. D

CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of January

CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to git 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.carshot-online.com.

Artist	Title	Label
1) Various*	<u>Killed By Canada</u>	Fans of Bad Productions
2) The Pack*	<u>TinType</u>	Independent
3) The Pointed Sticks*	<u>Waiting For the Real Thing</u>	Sudden Death
4) Joanna Newsom	<u>Ys</u>	Drag City
5) Various*	<u>The Music Appreciation Society Presents</u>	CCA
6) Residents	<u>Tweedles!</u>	Mute
7) Susan Lake*	<u>Beast Moans</u>	Scratch
8) Neko Case	<u>Live From Austin, TX</u>	New West
9) Million Dollar Merchants*	<u>Zero Culture</u>	Strumble
10) No Luck Club*	<u>Prosperity</u>	Igloo Cartel
11) The Black Keys	<u>Magic Potion</u>	Nonesuch
12) Various*	<u>CBC Radio 3 Sessions</u>	Mint
13) Sonic Youth	<u>Destroyed Room: B-sides + Rarities</u>	Capricorn
14) October Man*	<u>Laguandia</u>	White Whale
15) Animal Collective	<u>Hollnstadtagain</u>	Paw Tracks
20) Various	<u>Hallbound Hokers Off The Hip</u>	
21) Fair Tet	<u>Remixes</u>	Domino
22) The Shimmerys	<u>Shake 'n' Stompy!</u>	Off The Hip
23) CO1100	<u>Tango Thru'l Today</u>	
24) Great Aunt Ida*	<u>How They Fly</u>	Northern Electric
25) Apse Spirit	<u>Acquainted</u>	To Live + Share In LA
26) To Live + Share In LA	<u>Noon And Evening</u>	Musical Ark
27) Neil Young + Crazy Horse*	<u>Live At The Fillmore</u>	Geffen
28) Josef K	<u>Entomology</u>	Domino
29) Under Byen	<u>Samme Stof Som Stof</u>	Paper Bag
30) The Winkles*	<u>Birthday Party</u>	Arche
31) Under Byen	<u>Samme Stof Som Stof</u>	Paper Bag
32) The Winkles*	<u>Birthday Party</u>	Arche
33) The Deadcat*	<u>Feline 500</u>	Flying Saucer
34) The Slits	<u>Revenge of the Killer Slits</u>	SAP
35) Meigs May*	<u>Discography</u>	Second King Dub

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA						
10am							
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	MORNING AFTER SHOW	PLANET LOVETRON	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
12pm		ALT. RADIO					
1pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW		GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	WE ALL FALL DOWN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	FILL-IN	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	POWERCHORD
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETON: RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	WENER'S BBQ	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	PEDAL REVOLUTION	NEWS 101
5pm							
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE UNCOMMON DREAMS	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	AFROBEAT	THE CANADIAN WIG	CITR SPORTS
7pm							
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SHADOW JUGGLERS
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW	CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	FILL-IN	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	TRANSCENDANCE				LAUGH TRACKS	SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
11pm							
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
1am			AURAL TENTACLES				
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads on route to the unknown and the undimable. East Asia, South Asia, Africa. The Middle East, Europe, Latin America, Gypsy, Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae inna all styles and fashion. Blood on the saddle (Roots) Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all de-

cadies. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your nit-jet holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

QUEER FM (Talk) Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance) Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest

trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. transcendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MATT & DWE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars"

like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, the Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

WLN.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A va-

riety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

KARUSU (World)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm: Feb. 5: Tonight we celebrate the birthday of bassist Wyatt "Bull" Rutherford, a consummate sideman who lived in Vancouver for 12 years and played with everyone from Count Basie to Frank Sinatra to Dave Brubeck. Wyatt's happiest times were with pianist Erroll Garner, who is tonight's feature. Garner, Rutherford and Drummer "Fats" Herd - Jazz at its best! Feb. 12: Back in November, a power outage shut down CITR, and we couldn't present "Straight Ahead" with Oliver Nelson (alto and tenor saxophone) and Eric Dolphy (alto

saxophone and bass clarinet). These two show how opposites attract and inspire each other. Nelson did the arrangements, and a strong rhythm section featuring drum master Roy Haynes make this a listening must. Feb. 19: The Magic Triangle was one of the most organic jazz bands, consisting of the great talents of tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan, pianist Cedar Walton, bass great Sam Jones and drummer Billy Higgins. They played original works by all the band members, and to this day very few bands can touch this group for swing and soul. Feb. 26: Pianist Les McCann and his trio (Herbie Lewis, bass and Ron Jefferson, drums), called Les McCann Limited, added some horns for tonight's feature. "Blue" Mitchell on trumpet and Stanley Turrentine and the unheralded Frank Haynes on tenor saxophones. A great live date called Les McCann in New York

recorded at the Village Gate...
Bluesy and swinging sounds.
VEENGANCE IS MINE (Punk)
All the best of the world of punk has
to offer, in the wee hours of the
morning.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its
derivatives with Arthur and the
lovely Andrea Berman.
HIGHBRED VOICES (World)
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM
(Rock)
Open your ears and prepare for
a shock! A harmless note may
make you a fan! Hear the menacing
scourge that is Rock and Roll!
Deadlier than the most dangerous
criminal
bornisixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER
GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)
Sample the various flavours of
Italian folk music from north to
south, traditional and modern.
Un programma bilingue che es-
plora il mondo della musica folk
italiana.

REEL TO REEL (Talk)
Movie reviews and criticism.
EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)
En Avant La Musique se con-
centre sur le m tissage des
genres musicaux au sein d'une
francophonie ouverte   tous les
courants. This program focuses
on cross-cultural music and its
influence on mostly Francophone
musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
Join the sports department for
their coverage of the T-Birds.
FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)
Up the punx, down the emo!
Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.
Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)
Salario Minimo, the best rock in
Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
Trawling the trash heap of over 50
years' worth of rock n' roll debris.
Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Electronic)
AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)
It could be punk, ethno, global,
trance, spoken word, rock, the
unusual and the weird, or it could
be something different. Hosted by
DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)
PLANET LOVETRON
(Electronic)
With host Robert Robot. One part
classic electronics. One part plan-
derphonics/mixmatch. Two parts
new and experimental techno.
One part progressive hip-hop. Mix
and add informative banter and
news for taste. Let stand. Serve,
and enjoy.
planetlovetron@gmail.com
ANOLZE (Noise)
Luke Meat irritates and educates
through musical deconstruction.

Recommended for the strong.
WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND
(Eclectic)
DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by
award-winning journalists Amy
Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.
RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activ-
ist news and spoken word with
some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY
(Pop/Eclectic)
First Wednesday of every month.
SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY
(Eclectic)
JUCEBOX (Talk)
Developing your relational and
individual sexual health, expres-
sing diversity, celebrating queer-
ness, and encouraging pleasure
at all stages. Sexuality educators
Julia and Alix will quench your
search for responsive, progressive
sexuality over your life span!
www.juceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots)
Two hours of eclectic roots music.
Don't own any Birkenstocks? Al-
lergic to patchouli? "Cmon in! A
kumbaya-free zone since 1997.
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss)
This is pretty much the best thing
on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Eclectic)
SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)
Sweet dance music and hot jazz
from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.
WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)
Punk rock, indie pop, and what-
ever else I deem worthy. Hosted by
a closet nerd.

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
Zoom a little zoom on the My Sci-
ence Project rocket ship, piloted
by your host, Julia, as we navigate
eccentric, under-exposed, always
relevant and plainly cool scientific
research, technology, and poetry
(submissions welcome).
myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca
PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)
AFROBEAT (World)
Music of the world, with a special
dance around African drum beats.
My passion is music from the Afri-
can Diaspora. Catch up on the latest
and reminisce on classic spins.
myafrobeat@yahoo.com

**EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experi-
mental)**
Experimental, radio-art, sound
collage, field recordings, etc. Rec-
ommended for the insane.
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD
RADIO HELL (Live Music)
Live From Thunderbird Radio
Hell showcases local talent...LIVE!
Honestly, don't even ask about the
technical side of this.
LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)
RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)
SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
Email requests to:
djska_i@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS
(Hip Hop)
Top notch crate digger DJ Ari
Shack mixes underground hip
hop, old school classics, and origi-
nal breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Human)
NARDWAR THE HUMER
VETTE PRESENTS (Nardwar)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)
Independent Canadian music
from almost every genre imagin-
able covering the east coast to
the left coast and all points in be-
tween. Yes, even Montr al!
thecanadianway@poststar.com

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)
David "Love" Jones brings you the
best new and old jazz, soul, Latin,
samba, bossa and African music
from around the world.
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

**SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/
R'n'B)**
I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)
Beats mixed with audio from old
films and clips from the internet.
10% discount for callers who are
certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)
Studio guests, new releases, Brit-
ish comedy sketches, folk music
calendar, and ticket giveaways.
GENERATION ANNIHILATION
(Punk)

A live mix of streetpunk and old
school hardcore backed by band
interviews, guest speakers, and
social commentary.
www.streetpunkradio.com
crashburnradio@yahoo.ca
POWERCHORD (Metal)
Vancouver's only true metal
show: local demo tapes, imports,
and other rarities. Gerald Rattle-
head, Geoff the Metal Pimp and
guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)
From backwoods delta low-down
slide to urban harp honks, blues,
and blues roots with your hosts
Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World)
The best of music, news, sports,
and commentary from around
the local and international Latin
American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)
News, arts, entertainment and
music for the Russian community,
local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS
(Dance/Electronic)
An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass
with DJs Jimnugle & Bias on the
ones and twos, plus guests. Listen
for give-aways every week. Keep
feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)
BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

Mixed Apes Radio



Since its inception, as chronicled in the pages of Disorder, the Mixed Apes project has been about getting you music-loving souls to communicate with each other through the fine art of the mixtape. In case you're new here, here's the basic idea: after lovingly creating a mix of fresh and exciting sounds, audiophiles from here to Halifax leave their CD in a public place, waiting for an unsuspecting individual to find the surprise of the life. The honourable make a mix of their own, and thus an anonymous musical exchange is perpetuated. Scroll down the page at disorder.ca/mixedapes to see the recent chronicles.

CiTR would like to take this concept one step further by inviting you to create your own Mixed Ape for us. The idea is simple: make your twenty-song Mixed Ape on CD, ape or, for the more digitally inclined, mp3. Submit your creation to CiTR, and we'll play it on the air in all its ragged glory. With Mixed Apes radio, new DJs will be required to play the mixes you submit as part of their training.

Be sure to include your name (or alias if you're the shy type) along with a track list and brief description of the songs you've chosen (a theme or commonality is always a good place to start) to make things a little more interesting. Remember kids, let's keep things within the parameters of good taste and good sportsmanship: if you're a regular (or irregular) listener of CiTR you'll know what we're talking about. Nothing you'll hear on Top 40 radio will be accepted, nothing with explicit or objectionable content will be considered. However, no genre or style will be discounted, and no idea is too far fetched.

"Why should I do this? What makes me so special?" The answer is this: we want to get to know you as a supporter of CiTR. We want you to be a part of what makes us a distinctive cultural force in Vancouver's increasingly bland and stuffy radio landscape. Not such a bad thing really, to be a part of history and have a whole lot of fun doing it. So whaddya say, are you in?

Submissions for Mixed Apes on CiTR should be sent to:

Mixed Apes
c/o CiTR
Room #233 6138 SUB Blvd.
UBC
Vancouver BC
Canada
V6T 1Z1

Or in mp3 format to: citrprogramming@club.ams.ubc.ca (since the size of file will be quite large, it is recommended you use YouSendIt or SendSpace to transfer your files).

We hope to launch our show by mid-March, so get crackin' genius! 

Bryce Dunn
CiTR Program Coordinator



Art Director.

disorderart@gmail.com

disorder.ca

CURE YR SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER AT ZULU S.A.D.? Seek treatment with February's finest new sounds.

Other Stuff Under The Zulu Sun Lamp:

Arbouretum – Rites of Uncovering CD
Love of Diagrams – s/t CD
Bonnie Prince Billy – Lay and Love CD
Beruit – Lon Gisland CD
The Broken West – I Can't Go On, I'll Go On CD
Camera Obscura – If Looks Could Kill CD
Ghost – In Stormy Nights CD
Great Lake Swimmers – Hands in the Dirty Ground LP
James Yorkston – The Year of The Leopard CD
Herbert – 100 lbs CD
Funkstörung – Appendix CD
Alasdair Roberts – The Amber Gathers CD
Youth Group – Casino Twilight Dogs CD
Kristin Hersh – Learn to Sing Like A Star CD
Bobby Conn – King For A Day CD

THE SHINS Winning the Night Away CD/LP

Perfect pop precisely crafted for precious times! Everyone's favourite auteurs of breezy West Coast pop are back after ravaging the garden states and thus establishing themselves as one of America's defining indie rock acts. This, their third and perhaps final release for Sub Pop, sums up everything that is lovable about **James Mercer** and company's transcendent songwriting skills — clever arrangements, nimble guitar hooks, baroque piano, and of course soaring vocals à la innocent angels longing for more time on earth to discover the simple joys of life back on the planet. Adding to this mix, **The Shins** keeps things interesting with a slew of new sonic gestures including sweeping psychedelic orchestration, fuzzed-out riffage and even the old refreshing hip-hop-esque beat! Stop by and check out this record as certainly it will be one of the defining listens of this young year. Recommended.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

CLINIC Visitations CD

Consider **Ruby Erickson** tripping through the Texas tumbledowns as he writes his classic psyche ballad *You're Gonna Miss Me*. Perhaps disorientation and supernatural can produce some of the most evocative sonic results. If so, then certainly **The Clinic** have plunged themselves head-long into the dust(ed) storms of post-psychedelic bombast and now return with this heady new record designed to confront even the most seasoned ear! Featuring 13 blazing tracks that run the full gamut between blissed out white noise ballads to serene ethereal lullabies to hardened thunder worshiping rock anthems. **Clinic** are certainly a band for the ages and **Visitations** solely reaffirms their place as one of the finest acts pushing the envelope of music transcendence.

CD 16.98

OF MONTREAL Hissing Panda, Are you the Destroyer? CD/LP

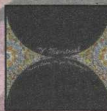
Over the last three years, the Athens, GA band has become fan-favorite for their dance party-inducing live shows and critically lauded for 2004's *Satanic Panic in the Attic* and 2005's *The Sanandico Twins*. Now, **Of Montreal** have created a career-defining masterpiece with *Hissing Panda, Are You The Destroyer?* It's an irresistible and remarkable album, sounding like a logical extension of the erratic indie-disco sounds of *The Sanandico Twins*. CD packaging is a unique die-cut fold-out with original **David Barnes** art. 2LP is 180-gram vinyl in a deluxe, triple-gatefold jacket w/ six bonus tracks!

CD 16.98 2LP 22.98

PETER, BJORN AND JOHN Writer's Block CD

Finally available in North America, this disc from Swedish pop sensations took everyone by surprise as it ravaged the critics year and lists! Their upbeat whistle driven single "Young Felix" was one of the most infectious pop songs of the year and certainly one that was hotly blogged all over the world. Do a search, read the comments! Kids in Romania, Brazil, Japan, and Canada are all over **Peter, Bjorn and John's** groovy mix of maracas, bongos, bubbling lo-fi bass, super addictive back-beat, and delectable cool lyrics! I guess it is just further proof of music's universal appeal as well as a sign that globalization and music doesn't necessarily always equate to *Britney* and *N'Sync* plastering the village with their corporate conglomerate faces! Simply put, **Peter, Bjorn and John** have created an amazingly catchy record that lives up to all the hype — so why keep it a secret?! Enjoy. AVAILABLE FEB 6th.

CD 16.98



DEERHUNTER Cryptograms CD

Not since **Kraken's** linking of avant-rock bombast godfathers **Godspeed You! Black Emperor!** has there been such fervor regarding the launch of a rock outfit on Chicago's predominantly ultra-hip electronic label. Inspired by the ambition of fusing the liturgical hypnotic states induced by ambient and minimalist music with the clang and propulsion of garage rock, this Atlanta based outfit have a knack for creating spellbinding sonic landscapes packed with dense shards of melodic noise. This album sits nicely alongside some pretty heady landmark listens including **Daydream Nation**, **The Perfect Prescription** and even **Tape Magazine**. Like these forefather platters, **Deerhunter's Cryptograms** somehow channels a spirit and vibe that speaks to music's visceral quality to stir and move one emotionally. This is a sure pick best of 2007!

CD 16.98

DEERHOOF Friend Opportunity CD

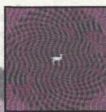
Waiting for a new record **Deerhoof** can be a painful thing. Their last best **The Runners Four** was hands down a major platter on our stereo as its bombastic spastic no-wave meets post-punk deconstructions blew our minds. And so, when **Friend Opportunity** appeared on the horizon, naturally we were all super eager to find out what new twists and turns these guys were capable of. Well, patience is a virtue, and bare enough these new mini indie-prog songs have us reeling once again as these art rockers have upped the ante once more and made a series of epic suites that make music the number one cure for S.A.D.! This is so cool. Their songs are mind-boggling riddles of melody, white noise, and intense rhythmic thunderstorms — how it all comes together so sublimely is a miracle — and one we all can believe in. **Zulu's Recommended Listen!**

CD 16.98

JULIE DOIRON Woke Myself Up CD

Perhaps you can count yourself in with the lucky few that took in **Julie's** enchanting in-store appearance last year here at Zulu. If so, then certainly you know that **Dorion** has one of the most consistently charged voices in the contemporary Canadian singer/songwriter scene. Her press release aptly cites **Cat Power's Moon Pix**, **Leonard Cohen's Songs of Love and Hate**, and **Joan Mitchell's Blue** as touchstones, and clearly it isn't a stretch to imagine that with this intimate folksy listen future generations will one day compare themselves to **Julie herself**. Loose, disorienting, often haunting yet also instantly inviting and entrancing, this new collection of songs is all held together by **Julie's** focus voice and lyricism, which with each release matures. Stand out tracks include *No More* and *Me and My Friend*. Bravo.

CD 16.98



CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH! Some Loud Thunder CD

Whether or not like the music made by this upstart Brooklyn/Philadelphia indie rock outfit, you certainly must be impressed by their meteoric rise through the music scene ranks — thanks in part to an impressive understanding of the communicative power of the web and sites such as myspace, pitchforkmedia and last.fm. Self-released, (by their own boss) their sophomore record picks up exactly where their eponymous titled release left off. These 11 refreshing songs are top notch indie rock à la **Neutral Milk Hotel**, **The Arcade Fire** and **Modest Mouse** — if you dig those bands then certainly **CYHSY!** are the next logical step — take it!

CD 16.98

LAVENDER DIAMOND The Cavalry of Light COEP

The music scene is crazy. One week you can be a nowhere band writing your first batch of songs in the practice space, and the next you can be at some **bliny** lawyers office reviewing offers from record labels all over. No strangers to indie rock bloggers, **Lavender Diamond**, with their dreamy mix of piano driven ballads and ethereal vocals, have become **Matador Records'** first big catch of 2007 — and certainly one of the most anticipated releases of the year. Fresh off a UK tour supporting **The Decemberists**, this L.A. based quartet offer these 4 tasty listens that were previously available only from the band's website or one of their legendary live performances. Channeling the loose pensive sunshine folk bliss of early **Joan Mitchell** with the more spine-tingling electric cathartics of **Fairport Convention**, **Diamond** and the other related outsiders, **Lavender Diamond's The Cavalry of Light** is an incendiary passage through the halls of sonic heaven. Enjoy.

COEP 6.98

THE EARLIES The Enemy Chorus CD

Again it is our great pleasure to introduce you to one of those truly incredible bands that somehow manage to consistently fly under the radar of mainstream critical support. Get this, half the band lives in Texas while the other half, call London home. Get this, if you are into a shambling mixture of genres and instrumentation all finely tuned into a blissful symphony of pop, folk-rock and outsider psyche, then **The Enemy Chorus** is a must hear. Get this, much like **Canada's own The Band**, these guys are often hired out to support pretty types including **Michaël F. Hinson**. Get this, **The Earlies** get tons of hits on their myspace page! Get this.

CD 16.98



ZULU ART NEWS!

ODES in paint and paper.

A collaborative show by Daniel Fisher and Kyla Kirzel.

Opening Saturday February 10th til Friday March 9th



Zulu Records

1972-1976 W 4th Ave

Vancouver, BC

tel 604.738.3232

www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00

Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00

Sat 9:30 - 6:30

Sun 12:00 - 6:00